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Mikak: An Inuit Woman in London, 1769

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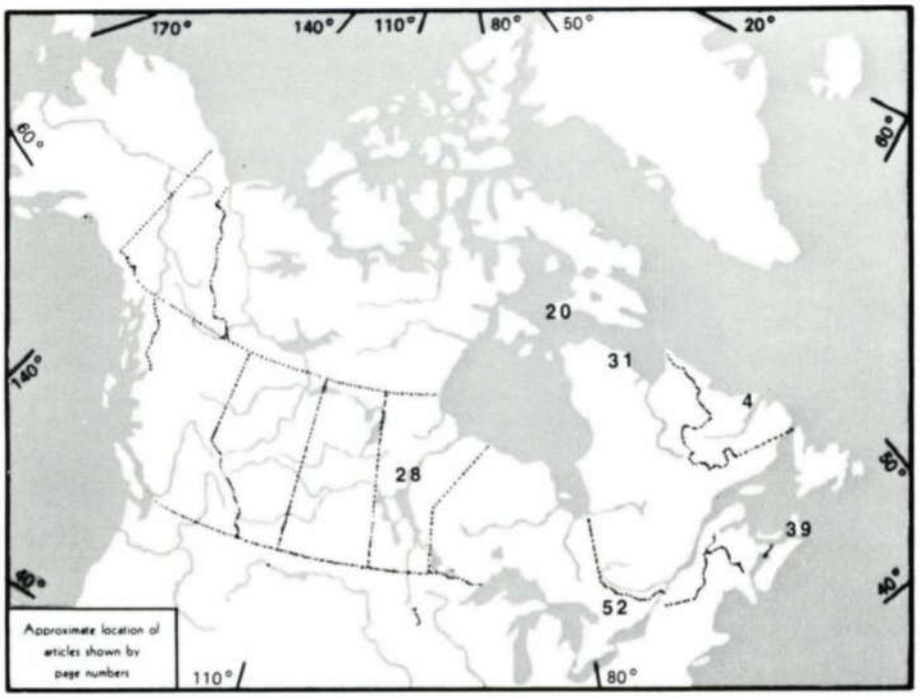

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COVER: Mikak and her son Tutauk at the time of their London visit of 1769, painted by John Russell. In addition to a brass coronet and beaded hair pendants, both once fashionable among Labrador Inuit women, Mikak wears the coronation medal presented to her by the dowager Princess of Wales. Courtesy: Institut und Sammlung für Völkerkunde der Universität Göttingen.

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The Two Worlds of Mikak

By J. Garth Taylor

Mikak. Detail from the portrait by John Russell, 1769.

Part I

In 1767 Mikak, a beautiful, highly intelligent young Inuit woman, was kidnapped with her son, and taken to England. This unusual story of her introduction to the 'power, splendor and generosity' of the English nation, has been compiled from primary sources: ships' journals and station diaries of Moravian missionaries in Labrador.

The author is Arctic Ethnologist with the National Museum of Man, Ottawa. *He is grateful to the various archives which allowed him to use these manuscripts and to his wife, Dr Helga Taylor, who translated most of the relevant material from the original German.*

'THERE IS SO MUCH TO BE SAID in relation to the Esquimaux lady that I shan't be able to go through it.' So wrote the Earl of Bathurst when, in 1769, he tried to tell a friend about the woman who had twice dined with him at his London residence. The woman must have faced similar problems when, back home in Labrador later that same year, she tried to tell her Inuit relatives and friends about people she had seen in the strange world of the *kablunat*.

The 'Esquimaux lady' was Mikak, and the events which had led to her presence in London were both violent and tragic. In November of 1767, she and eight other Inuit, including her seven-year-old son Tutauk, had been captured by British marines near Chateau Bay in southern Labrador. During the struggle which preceded their capture, some Inuit men had been killed. One of them was Mikak's husband.

The attack on Mikak's people was apparently a punitive action. An armed sloop had been sent after a

Honourable R.S. Furlong, Q.C.

View of St John's, Newfoundland, painted about the time that Mikak and her fellow captives were taken there in 1768.

group of Inuit who had stolen some wooden boats and killed three Englishmen at a British whaling post just north of Chateau Bay. When the sloop ran into a harbour to pass the night, the crew found themselves suddenly and unexpectedly in the midst of thirteen Inuit boats. At once a battle broke out, but the bows and arrows of the Inuit were little match for the 'great guns, blunderbusses and muskets' of the English. As many as twenty Inuit were killed in the fray and the remainder took refuge in the woods at the head of the harbour.

According to one of the English sailors who was there, it would have been easy at that moment to retrieve the stolen boats without any further loss of life. However, the commander of the vessel, an Irish-born midshipman by the name of Francis Lucas, was apparently afraid to do so. Instead, he chose to withdraw and wait for reinforcements to help him 'attack and kill' the remaining survivors.

That night the Inuit escaped under cover of darkness and the following day Lucas, now accompanied by two more boats, could not catch up with them. It may have relieved his frustration when, returning from the chase, he met with a small party of Inuit travelling in two boats. From this group, which included Mikak and her family, four men were killed and nine women and children were captured.

The Inuit prisoners were taken to York Fort, a fortified blockhouse which had been built in Chateau Bay one year earlier 'for the protection of British fisheries'. That winter Lucas, who was second in command of the crowded little garrison, took a special interest in Mikak who, like himself, was then in her late twenties. Through his association with her, he began to pick up some words in the Inuktitut language while she, in turn, began to learn some basic English.

When summer came Lucas took his Inuit prisoners to St John's which, then boasting between 200 and 300 houses, had just been described by a visitor from London

Commodore Hugh Palliser, who tried to improve relations with the Labrador Inuit during his term as Governor of Newfoundland.

as 'the Most Disagreeable Town I Ever Met with'. There the Inuit were brought before the Governor of Newfoundland and Labrador, Commodore Hugh Palliser, whose flagship lay at anchor in the harbour. Mikak had probably seen Palliser in Chateau Bay where, three years earlier, he had negotiated a 'peace treaty' with the Labrador Inuit. The treaty, which was made with the assistance of some Moravian missionaries who had learned the Inuktitut language in Greenland, was one of Palliser's many efforts to end the European-Inuit conflict which plagued his administration of Labrador. Palliser blamed the sudden failure of his peace initiative on vessels from New England which, contrary to his orders, 'went to the northward, robbed, plundered and murdered some of their old men and women and children' whom the Inuit had left at home for the summer.

After speaking with Mikak, who impressed him as being very intelligent, Palliser wrote that 'from her I have obtained more satisfactory accounts than any that have yet been got of those People respecting their numbers, their places of abode, etc.' With such encouragement and similar enthusiasm, the Governor planned on using the prisoners to help him achieve his goal of 'establishing communication and trade with the Esquimaux savages'. They could be sent home as messengers who would assure their people that the British wanted to trade in a fair way but would be swift to punish either theft or murder. Meanwhile, by treating the prisoners with kindness, Palliser hoped they would 'impress a Respect and regard for the English amongst their Countrymen and their Posterity'.

Although the Inuit expressed great astonishment at being so kindly treated, they must have been disappointed to learn they would have to spend another winter away from home. Lacking an opportunity to send them back to Labrador in the autumn of 1768, Palliser was 'obliged to provide for their subsistance' until the following year. It was finally decided that six of the Inuit would

A view of London in 1751, close to the time of Mikak's visit. From an engraving by T. Bowles.

winter in St John's, while three would sail with the Newfoundland Squadron on its annual return to England. Those who would experience the 'power, splendor and generosity of the English nation' in this first-hand manner were Mikak, Tutauk and a twelve-year-old orphan boy named Karpik.

Mikak and Tutauk were accompanied on their trans-Atlantic voyage of discovery by Lucas, who took them to live with him in London. Shortly after they had settled into their strange new surroundings, Mikak must have been surprised to receive a visitor who could speak her own language. The caller looked familiar; he was one of the missionaries who had gone to Labrador in 1765, when he interpreted for Palliser during the ill-fated 'peace treaty'.

The visitor's name was Jens Haven, but Mikak's people had called him Johannesingoak—little Jens—because of his small stature. While in Labrador, he and his colleague, a fellow Dane by the name of Christen Larsen Drachard, had been forced by a sudden storm to stay overnight in one of the Inuit tents. Mikak had been there and she could remember a prayer that she had learned from the two strangers.

Mikak showed joy at seeing Haven again. Lucas, who had also seen Haven in Labrador, apparently demonstrated different sentiments. He first refused to let Haven into the house and only backed down after the missionary showed written orders from Governor Palliser, who had asked him to call on Mikak. According to Haven's account of the reunion, Mikak listened with enthusiasm when he told her why he was in London. He had come to petition the British government to give the Moravians permission to establish a mission among the Inuit and to grant them land upon which they could build. He must have been delighted when Mikak 'urgently' pleaded with him to return with her 'to help her poor soon-to-be-ruined countrymen'.

Mikak's comprehension of the Moravian plan would

have been hampered by her knowledge of Christianity, which was still very limited. This was demonstrated when, somewhat later, Mikak and Lucas were invited to the residence of Governor Palliser. On that occasion, the Governor asked Haven, who was also present, to tell Mikak that 'she should get to know about the Lord'. Haven tried to put off the request until a later time, suggesting that for the moment such a discussion could only lead to problems. He probably anticipated interference from Lucas, who had tried to tell Mikak that there was a God, but had done so amid 'much lightheartedness' and apparently, with little success.

Fully aware that Mikak 'did not understand Lucas at all in this matter', Palliser was curious whether or not Haven would be more successful and urged him to try. Haven finally gave in and was encouraged when Mikak not only understood him quite well, but promised, 'I shall certainly get to know the Lord because I want to get to the eternal joy'. Then Mikak asked whether this was the message that Lucas had been trying to tell her. After Lucas owned that it was, she turned on him with this sharp and spirited attack:

'Oh, you miserable person! You know God and you live worse than the Inuit. I do not believe that you know God.'

Mikak's reply was not understood by Palliser, who asked Haven to interpret what she had said. The missionary refused, saying that Lucas could do so if he wished, but by that time Lucas was starting to show his rash temper and was accusing Haven of turning Mikak against him. Palliser, now very serious, ordered the irate Lucas to be quiet and insisted that Haven should interpret for him. When he finally learned what Mikak had said, the Governor added to Lucas's discomfiture by saying:

'There you have it. A heathen woman can judge well who is a child of God and who is not. From the fruit you recognize the tree.'

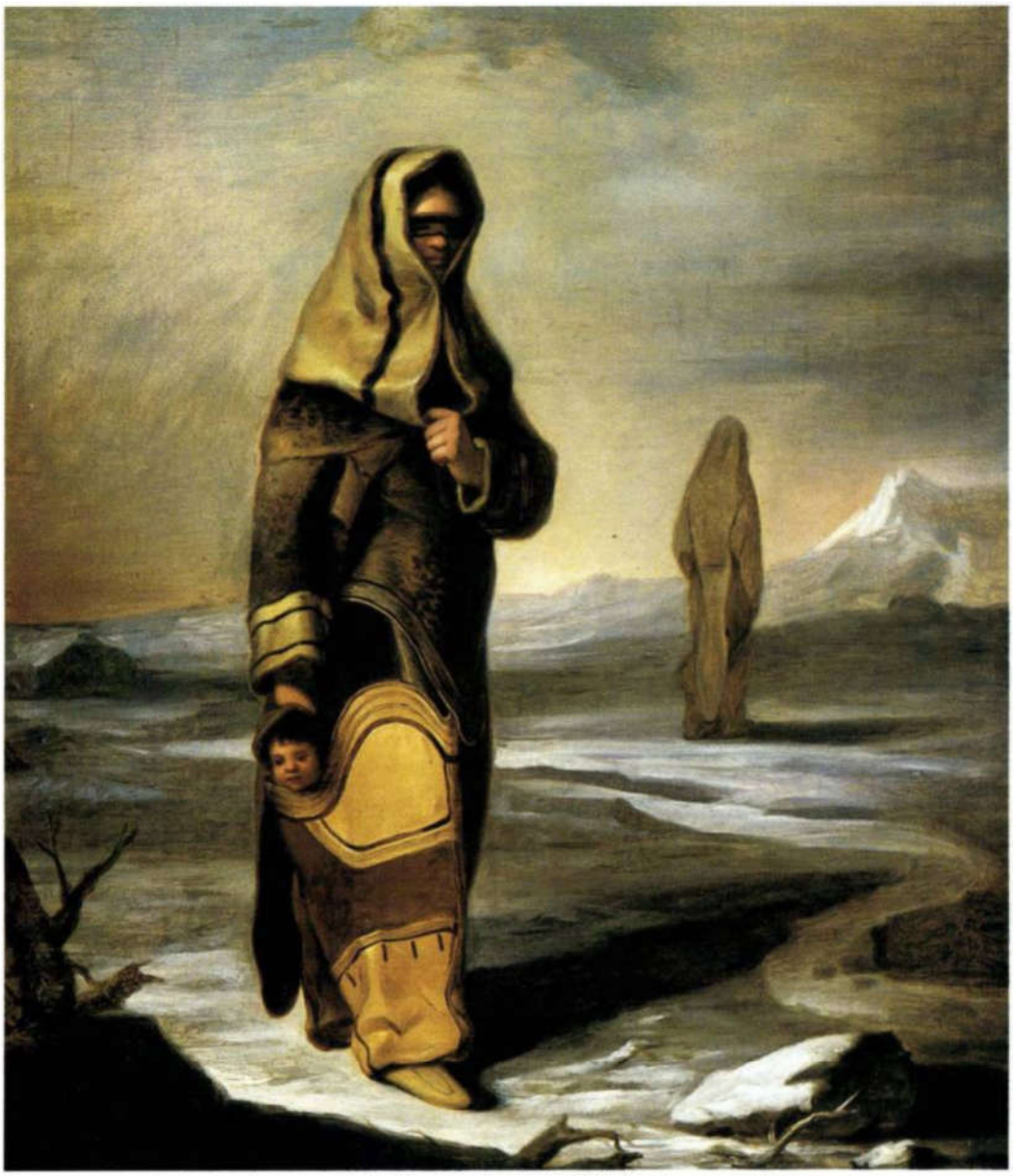
Mikak continued to live with Lucas, who had come to be regarded by the missionaries as a 'fleshly' man, but she was often visited by Haven. On one occasion the Moravians managed, probably with Palliser's assistance, to have her brought to visit their headquarters at Lindsay House in Chelsea. While visiting with the Moravians, Mikak enjoyed a meal of salmon. It was one of the very few English foods she knew from home, which may explain the partiality she displayed for this familiar fish on other such social occasions. After her second dinner with the Earl of Bathurst, whose reference to 'the Esquimaux lady' has already been noted, Mikak's host remarked that she would eat nothing but salmon though, as he was quick to point out, 'I had very good dinners'.

Mikak continued to support the Moravians and promoted their cause among the 'many of standing' with whom she had frequent contact. One of those who were said to be 'fond' of Mikak was Augusta, Dowager Princess of Wales and mother of King George III. The dowager princess once ordered that Mikak be brought to Carlton House, so that 'she could have something handsome made up for her in her own country fashion'. Lucas was recruited to help select the materials: red and white leather for boots, black velvet for 'under breeches', white shag for upper, white cloth with blue backing for a jacket, and gold lace for trim. Mikak insisted that she make up the material herself, 'not suffering any man to touch her'. When all was finished, fine embroidery was added to the breast and tail of the hooded jacket.

Though she professed to be 'much pleased' with the colourful new costume, Mikak was not anxious to display it, much less model it in public. When taken to show it to the dowager princess at Carlton House, she asked to travel in a sedan chair so that she could draw the curtains and not be seen. After the princess had admired her new clothes, Mikak asked Lucas if she could be taken home so that she could change before going out to a dinner invitation. She seemed uneasy and, when questioned, admitted through Lucas that she could not dine in that costume with company and be seen by servants. All the English women wore petticoats and Mikak, in her Inuit woman's trousers, 'could not bear to be laughed at'. On hearing this, the princess took her into another room and fitted her out in a head-dress, a damask petticoat and a mantle, in which she went to dinner 'very well satisfied'.

Some of the curious Londoners who failed to catch a glimpse of the real Mikak were at least able to view a portrait of her, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy of Arts. The oil painting, executed by well-known society portraitist John Russell, must have appealed to anyone with dreams of imperial expansion. A tattooed mother, representing what was recently billed as 'the most savage people in the world', appears benign and contented as she proudly holds the coronation medal of her new sovereign, King George III, on her left breast. On her wrist rests a bracelet given to her by the Duke of Gloucester, showing more acceptance of British friendship and generosity. Her cherubic son, Tutauk, peers out in wide-eyed (almost *too* wide for an Inuk) wonder, perhaps contemplating the grandeur of the Empire to which he now belongs. Unfortunately, nothing is known of Mikak's feelings about her portrait, though one of her patrons once observed, 'She loves pictures and music extremely, but thinks it indecent to see the pictures of naked men and women'.

Mikak's immersion in the sights, sounds and stench of old London finally ended in late spring, when she and her son were shipped home on the warship *Nautilus*. Shortly before they sailed, she learned that the government had just granted their long-awaited permission for the Moravians to establish a mission in 'Esquimaux Bay'. She promised to inform her countrymen that the missionaries would come to them the following summer in order to choose a place where they could build their house. She would urge them to be friendly.



A woman's costume, typical for Labrador Inuit of Mikak's time, is carefully depicted in this oil painting done by Angelica Kauffman between 1766 and 1781. Although small children were normally carried on their mothers' backs, a number of early explorers reported that they were sometimes placed in the large boots formerly worn by Inuit women in Labrador and along Hudson Strait.

J. G. Taylor

A view of the harbour at Nain, facing east toward the maze of islands through which Mikak and Tuglavina guided the Moravians who came to Labrador in 1770.

On the long homeward voyage Mikak was escorted, as usual, by Lucas. In spite of a recent promotion to the rank of Lieutenant, Lucas had decided to leave the navy and start a trading company in Labrador. He instructed Mikak to pass on a number of messages to her people, commandments which she had heard him repeat many times. She was to tell them, among other things, that their land belonged to the good King whom she had seen in England. The Inuit were to obey the King, who was their overlord. The Inuit should no longer travel as far south as Newfoundland, where they formerly stole wooden boats. Next summer, however, they could and should come as far south as 'a certain latitude' where they could trade peacefully with their good friend, Lieutenant Lucas.

Finally back in Labrador, Mikak was put ashore in the neighbourhood of Byron Bay, just north of Hamilton Inlet. Her family, with whom she was reunited after an absence of almost two years, saw such a change in her that her father started calling her 'Nutarak'—the newborn. She, in turn, began referring to her son Tutauk as 'Pallisea', after Governor Palliser.

Within a short time Mikak remarried. Her new husband, a man named Tuglavina, had been married to Mikak's younger sister. Since the girl—who was described as very young—had not yet borne him any children, Tuglavina was quick to leave her in favour of the older Mikak. Ambitious as he was, Tuglavina cannot have failed to appreciate the prestige and material wealth which Mikak had acquired through her visit to London.

Throughout the long winter, Mikak tried often to tell of the marvels she had witnessed on the far side of the ocean. Her eager listeners also heard of things to come—of the trader Lucas who would meet them in the south and of the missionaries who would soon come and settle

in their midst. Mikak escaped the special scorn her people reserved for liars when, early the following summer, at least one of her prophecies came true.

Mikak and Tuglavina were on their way to trade in the south when word came that a European ship lay near by. Four Inuit men had been aboard and had seen some of the missionaries of whom Mikak had spoken so often. It was 16 July 1770, and they were near Byron Bay, the place where Mikak had been landed the previous summer. It was also the place where she had hidden most of the treasures she had brought from London.

Mikak's father, wearing an English officer's breastplate and fine wash-leather gloves, went ahead in his kayak to tell the missionaries that his daughter longed to see them. Not far behind came the wooden boat of Mikak and Tuglavina. Mikak was 'shining' in the gold-trimmed jacket which she had received from the dowager princess. As she approached the ship, the missionaries were astonished to see how well her costume, now more than a year old, had been preserved.

As she came aboard the little Jersey packet, which was not even three kayaks in length, Mikak received many compliments from the crew. She must have understood them because her own responses, though couched in simple English phrases such as 'How do you do sir; Very good sir; Thank you sir', were all used at the appropriate moments. Everything went smoothly even though Tuglavina, who feared the Europeans might come too near Mikak if he let her 'out of his hand', was visibly upset when the Captain gave her a kiss. To prevent any misunderstanding, Jens Haven spoke to the Captain and easily persuaded that 'honest, simple, sensible man' not to do it again.

Mikak and Tuglavina, together with Tutauk, were invited into the cabin. There they were offered some pieces of meat that the ship's crew had cut from a whale carcass they had come across during the voyage. After the guests had accepted gratefully, eaten heartily and 'assured us it was good', Haven addressed them in their own language. Mikak listened with pleasure while he told her how glad he was that she was now married to a good man whom the missionaries knew from their earlier visits and who, even then, 'liked to hear of the great Lord'. She was less pleased when Haven gave a stern warning that, if the Inuit should try to kill the missionaries, they would defend themselves with guns, go back to their own country and never come again.

Mikak responded by first of all affirming that her husband was indeed a good man and that they loved one another. Then she said that she was happy that Haven had kept his word by returning to the Inuit, who all wanted the missionaries to live among them and would never give them reason to leave. However it made her unhappy to learn that Haven thought her people could harm the missionaries, and she bluntly told him not to think so badly of them.

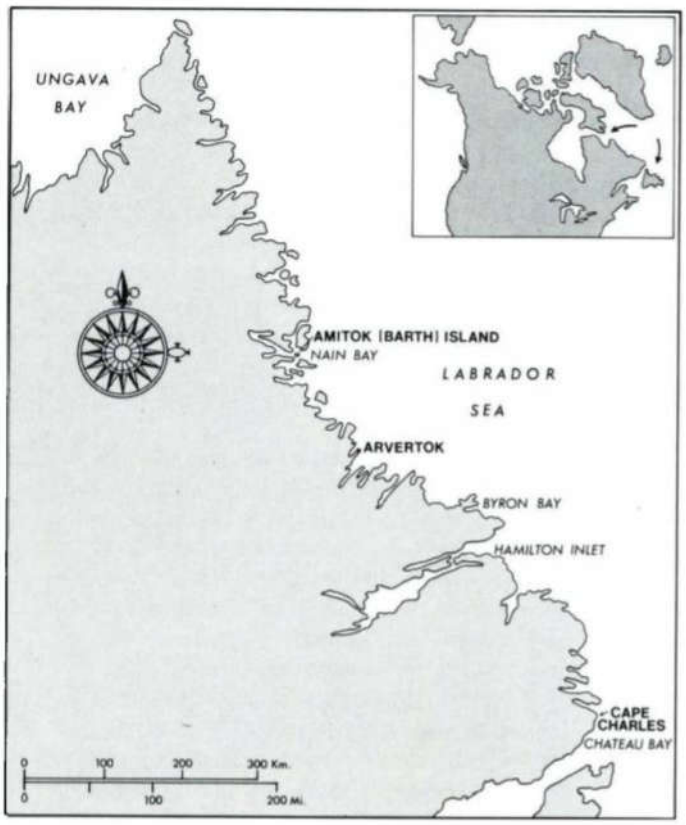
The conversation warmed up when Haven told Mikak she should not talk to him like that since he knew that 'there are great thieves and murderers among you'. He may have been thinking about the Moravians' first attempt to settle in Labrador, eighteen years earlier, which had failed after seven people had been killed by Inuit. In any case, Mikak hit back with spirit by answering that 'In England there are also thieves and murderers'. Haven replied that in England such people were hanged, but that the missionaries refused to do such a thing and would simply go home if they could not live in peace with the Inuit. Mikak, who had recently lived in the strange *kablunat* world, where public hangings were a common form of recreation, decided to close their heated exchange on a conciliatory note. She repeated her invitation for the missionaries to come and stay, adding 'You will see, we shall make it nice for you'.

Quickly changing topic, Mikak asked about Karpik—the orphan boy whom she had left with Governor Palliser. It was a question Haven must have been dreading, and to which he gave only the incomplete answer that Karpik stayed in England. He did not go into the sad details, which were that Karpik, after being placed in the custody of the Moravians by Governor Palliser and making great progress in reading and writing, had suddenly died of smallpox on 4 October 1769. He had been baptized by the Moravians and lay buried in their cemetery at Fulneck in Yorkshire, where he had gone to stay with Drachard after Mikak and Tutauk returned to Labrador.

Mikak's next question raised emotions of a different kind. She wanted to know where Mr Lucas was, and whether he also wanted to come. Haven, who was worried that Lucas would try to influence Mikak against the Moravians, said that he could not answer either question. Then he told her not to ask him any more about Lucas, saying 'You know him yourself'. It must have given him some satisfaction when Mikak turned to her new husband and said that she knew Lucas to be a liar.

After waiting out a sudden storm, which forced several Inuit to stay overnight aboard the ship, Mikak invited Drachard to come ashore with her early the next morning. As the old missionary stepped out of her boat, Mikak gripped him under the arm and led him to her tent, a large one she had received from Governor Palliser. In the eyes of Drachard, who was happy to get Mikak's permission to call all the people there for a sermon, it appeared that his benefactress 'commanded not only all the Eskimos here, but her own husband also'.

When Drachard had finished preaching in her tent, Mikak offered to take him back to the ship. She had learned that one of the men on the Jersey packet would trade with the Inuit and was curious to see what he had to offer. Back aboard the ship, the Captain continued to allow Mikak, Tuglavina and Tutauk to enter the cabin.



It was a privilege no longer extended to the other Inuit, who were now trading on the crowded decks.

Mikak and her husband remained in the cabin until about noon, first trading and then eating with the missionaries. She showed interest when Drachard, confessing that the missionaries were not sure how to find 'Esquimaux Bay', asked whether she and Tuglavina might be willing to stay aboard and guide them there. The Inuit couple went ashore to talk it over. They stayed a few hours and, when they came back, Mikak offered to pilot the ship northward to 'her land' for payment. The Captain approved and the missionaries were delighted.

Mikak was also pleased with the arrangement. She and her husband and son were to share a berth, which was promptly vacated by the ship's mate and one of the missionaries. Small as their berth must have been, they were better off than the seamen in the steerage, and were thankful for the 'beautiful sleeping places'. Mikak said that she would have her own boat taken on ahead by 'her servant'. In a moment of overwhelming enthusiasm, she is said to have exclaimed, 'I have no words to thank you and to show my joy for having found you here'.

Because of fog and unfavourable wind conditions, the trip north to Nain Bay, though less than 300 kilometres, lasted two weeks. Mikak and Tuglavina were exposed to what amounted to a crash course in contemporary Moravian religious beliefs, with daily conversations and sermons from both Haven and Drachard. They 'listened gladly' and at one point asked whether the King of England also knew the Lord. When Haven answered in the affirmative, Mikak immediately asked 'Why then have I in England not heard of the good Lord in heaven?' Haven felt that he 'almost owed her an answer'.

The Inuit couple continued to express their gratitude to the missionaries for taking them along. They were especially thankful for the whale flipper, an Inuit delicacy which, not surprisingly, they preferred 'by far' over the ship's provisions. Mikak must have given Haven great cause for jubilation when she uttered the following words:

'I have always heard you say that you are our friends and love us . . . But now I start understanding what this means. I feel something which I did not feel before.'

A few days later Haven reached the conclusion that 'both have never been so happy in their lives as now with us' and declared that Mikak had become 'a totally different person' than in London. The relationship between Mikak and the Moravians continued on this euphoric level for most of the trip. There were a few minor setbacks, such as when the ship once ran aground and the Inuit were heard to complain in an 'overly loud' manner. To console them the Captain, using Haven as interpreter, assured them that he would rescue them before any of the others. This 'sounded good to them' but they nevertheless remained sceptical until the ship had come off and was safely afloat.

Further tension was evident two days later, when Tuglavina was asked to accompany Haven ashore so they could seek out a good passage from a higher vantage point. The suspicious husband refused, saying that he did not want to leave his wife alone on the ship. In order to relieve Tuglavina's fears, Drachard asked Mikak whether she and her son wanted to go to their berth and rest until her husband returned. Only when she had done so and Drachard had given his assurance that nobody would come to Mikak while the boat was ashore, did Tuglavina consent to go.

Mikak's entourage increased in size when, shortly before reaching their destination, she was allowed to bring another passenger aboard the ship. It was Mikak's stepson, who had apparently asked to be with his younger 'brother' Tutauk. He had the same name as Mikak's father—Nerkingoak—and his father had been Mikak's first husband. Finding the boy to be 'shabby, lousy and dirty', Mikak gave him fresh clothes and took great pains to clean him and remove his lice, of which she had 'a good meal'. She was very grateful when Haven helped her out by rubbing something into the boy's scalp.

On 1 August the Jersey packet reached its destination and anchored by Amitok (now Barth) Island in the mouth of Nain Bay. The ship had been expected and Inuit had converged on the island, which was a traditional summer gathering place, from settlements that were spread out for more than 300 kilometres of coastline. The missionaries counted 48 tents and estimated that there were about 500 people.

Mikak marked the occasion by dressing 'like an English lady'. She wore the silken gown which the dowager princess had given her, and which she had just recovered from its hiding place in Byron Bay a few weeks earlier. It was the first time she had dared to wear the gown in Labrador and she was so anxious about the reaction of her countrymen that she begged Haven to protect her.

While the Jersey packet lay at anchor off Amitok Island during the next three days Mikak, who had moved ashore the morning after their arrival, continued to see the missionaries often. As soon as she had finished pitching her tent, she asked Drachard if he would like to come and use it for an Inuit assembly. Her large tent was soon filled with listeners, so she had the ends lifted up 'that 200 might hear'.

After Drachard had finished his own sermon, Mikak and Tuglavina started to display their new knowledge by preaching about 'the five holy wounds of Jesus'. Then, when Drachard was pleading with the Inuit not to kill any more Europeans, Mikak supported him by passing on a message from King George III. As far as she had understood from Lieutenant Lucas, the 'great Lord in London' had said that when the Inuit wanted peace with the English and would trade in an orderly manner without stealing or murdering, then no more Inuit would be shot, much less killed. This announcement prompted one old man, suspected of past murders, to pay her the compliment, 'We believe your words'.

When Haven offered to hire Tuglavina and his boat, in order to search for a good building site, Mikak said she also wanted to come along. They set out at 5 o'clock on the morning of 3 August, and Mikak 'helped diligently' with the rowing. Though the missionaries failed to find a suitable building site, they returned in the afternoon to pay the Inuit for the land they would be needing. Tuglavina was the first of 67 Inuit men whose names appear on the 'deed', which was signed with the help of a 'guiding hand' from the missionaries.

Early the next morning Mikak had a visit from Drachard. The ship would weigh anchor that evening and he had come to pose some last-minute questions. Among other things, he asked whether she would help the missionaries when they came back and whether she would meanwhile tell her countrymen why they would return, which was 'to tell daily of Jesus' love'. After agreeing to these and similar requests, Mikak paid one farewell visit aboard the ship, where she frequently repeated how anxious she would be to see the missionaries again. Then she asked them to deliver some presents to her friends in England: two white fox skins for the dowager princess, a black one for the Duke of Gloucester, and two red ones for Governor Palliser. Then, according to Haven, she went away and wept.

Although Mikak saw the missionaries no more that summer, Tuglavina paddled in his kayak to their new anchorage, about five miles away, the next day. He had been asked to come and help them in one last effort to select their future building site and, after conferring with Mikak, had agreed. He repeated that his wife was ashamed about the way the Inuit had behaved, perhaps referring to the theft of some rope from the ship a few days earlier.

Haven asked Tuglavina to greet Mikak and tell her to 'love her countrymen and not despise them'. Tuglavina seemed 'very well satisfied with this' even though he might not have agreed totally with the content. All that day he had been so worried that somebody else might take his wife while he was away, that the missionaries decided they should not pressure him to stay longer, even though they had still not found their site. At a time when wife stealing was a common occurrence among the Labrador Inuit, Tuglavina's worries over his wealthy and prestigious wife were obviously not restricted to the Captain's kisses or the antics of a half score of British sailors.

It is not known how or where Mikak spent the rest of that summer. It seems unlikely however, that she resumed the southern trip on which she had earlier embarked and which she had willingly interrupted upon meeting the Moravians. Had she gone south after the departure of the Jersey packet, as did several of her countrymen, she would most probably have encountered Lieutenant Lucas, who came to Labrador a few weeks later and searched in vain for her until early October.

In his quest for Mikak, Lucas only made it as far north as the Inuit settlement of Arvertok, near present-day Hopedale. There he persuaded a whole family of nine to return with him to his newly-opened post at Cape Charles. Several of these people were later taken to England by Lucas's business partner, Captain George Cartwright, where all but one suffered a fate that Mikak and Tutauk had mercifully escaped—death by smallpox. As for Lucas, about whom Haven had predicted 'he will scarce know how to spend the winter without Mikak', he went down when his schooner carrying a cargo of fish disappeared a few months later somewhere in the North Atlantic.

Part II, to be published in the Spring 1984 issue, continues the story of Mikak after her return from England.

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THE DEW LINE

By Michael Stephenson

Photograph above: the large tropospheric communication antennae of Cape Dyer on Baffin Island. Behind them is the Dyer main upper camp with its familiar radar dome and doppler radar antennae.

A massive upgrading will add 33 unmanned robot stations to the Distant Early Warning Line. The new radar will be able to spot—not only high flying bombers, but Soviet cruise missiles skimming at tree-top levels.

The author, Michael Stephenson of Winnipeg, served with the Canadian Armed Forces for several years. *He acknowledges the co-operation of the Department of National Defence in the preparation of this article. Photographs are by the Department of National Defence.*

IN DECEMBER 1954, Canada and the United States jointly launched the most massive operation ever undertaken in the Far North—the construction of the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line. In size and scope, the transportation and construction of these stations would be comparable to the task of shipping 2,000 Statues of Liberty dismantled into reasonable-sized units, moving them from the southern hemisphere to dozens of sites inside the Arctic Circle, and reassembling them in darkness, blizzards and sub-zero cold. The task was to be fully completed in little better than two years.

Several years earlier, a group of scientists sponsored by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Lincoln Laboratories had recommended building the line. It was reasoned that the (then) four to six hours of warning provided by such a line-of-sight radar system would ensure that the bulk of Strategic Air Command aircraft got off the ground in the event of a Soviet nuclear bomber attack over the top of the world.

As originally conceived by the scientists, the DEW Line was to consist of 61 interlocking radar sites extending

across the northernmost continental limits north of the Arctic Circle, each site a totally self-contained unit. Its mission would be twofold: first, and primarily, to establish a continuous, miles-high radar net across the North, providing Canada and the United States sufficient warning to defend against any airborne attack; and second, to provide for the operation and maintenance of a modern, wide-band communication system.

In 1953, after several years of debate, the Eisenhower Administration finally adopted North American air defence as a high priority. One of the first steps was to approve construction of the DEW Line as a crash program. Canada, too, recognized the need for the defence of the North. Looking to the future, the Canadian government insisted on inserting into the documents a clause stating in effect that no loss of sovereignty was implied in the agreement. Thus the agreements for construction of the DEW Line contained the first explicit recognition by the United States of Canadian sovereignty in the Far North. Equally important was the provision that the stations on Canadian soil come under the operational military control of Canadian officers. A final provision resulted in the United States bearing the full cost of construction.

The conditions were accepted without hesitation. A letter sent from the Canadian Embassy in Washington to the Secretary of State for the United States received a one-page acknowledgement in full compliance. It was dated the same day.

A Canadian Forces information release stated that 'the arrangements with Canada provide a new high in international co-operation and trust. A review of the documents indicates that little more than a handshake was required to reach agreement between the two countries.' In fact, the only real point of disagreement was Canada's penchant for spelling 'defence' with a 'c' and the American insistence upon spelling it with an 's'.

Almost immediately the first prototype buildings and antennae were designed and began to spring up around the cornfields near Streator, Illinois. Since then, the DEW Line has grown from a few trial sites in Alaska to a complex, sophisticated weapons and communication system.

In the intervening years, twenty-eight of the original, small intermediate sites were deactivated, while others rose up to refine, upgrade and expand the line's vital role in North America's overall defence systems.

Today's DEW Line consists of 31 stations. Beginning at Cape Lisburne in Alaska, the sites swoop down Alaska's rugged west coast, across Canada's Barren Lands and up into Greenland. Linked one to another by the invisible, unbroken radar fence, the line forms a great 8,000-kilometre necklace strung across the throat of the distant North.

The effective range of the DEW Line's radar is not much beyond 160 kilometres, while its coverage at very low altitudes is close to zero. Yet the fact that it cannot 'see' over the horizon does not diminish its effectiveness. The DEW System of surveillance continues to contribute to deterrence by inhibiting any devastating nuclear bomber attacks that could precede missiles, since detection would invite a pre-emptive retaliatory strike.

Through the years the line's foremost purpose of radar surveillance and early warning has remained constant. Indeed, as the increasing speeds of new missiles and aircraft have whittled away the critical interval between warning and bombardment, its importance has increased proportionally. The DEW System—for it is in fact a fully integrated system rather than simply a line—fulfills its original purpose, and more.

Vigilant, ever-scanning radar silently locates and tracks all air traffic entering or operating within the DEW Line Identification Zone. Information is gathered concerning unidentified, hostile and friendly aircraft. Vacuumed from the northern skies, the data is fed to the rear, flowing into computer banks deep in the underground headquarters of NORAD at Colorado Springs, U.S.A. and Regional Operational Control Centre at North Bay, Ontario. The computers are programmed to automatically identify every aircraft as friend or foe, converting thousands of radar returns and other messages into displays showing the locations of the planes, their speed, flight characteristics, and even the weather conditions at their positions. It is in the Combat Operations Centre of Colorado Springs that information from a variety of sources is evaluated to determine the threat. The DEW Line, one of the earliest to report, is one of the most vital sources.

The DEW Line also supplies friendly aircraft with radar advisory services. It provides day-to-day monitoring of commercial aviation, and passes on flight information and aircraft positions to the Air Movement Information Service. As well, the line maintains and operates the facilities for extensive short and long-haul communications. World-wide military subscribers can gain access to the DEW System's wide-band network via Iceland and the North Atlantic Radio System. Perhaps just as important is the presence of the Canadian military in the Far North, exercising sovereignty over Canadian airspace. As stipulated in the original agreement, Canada retains operational control of the Canadian segment, presently under the command of Major-General William Paisley of Fighter Group.

For military and administrative purposes, today's DEW Line is divided into three distinct systems: the DEW East Radar System in Greenland which contains four auxiliary stations and links up with similar radar coverage in Iceland and the United Kingdom; the DEW Canadian System, by far the largest with four main stations and seventeen auxiliary stations; and the DEW Alaska System, which operates two main stations and four auxiliary.

With twenty men at each of the smaller auxiliary stations and an everyday complement of as many as sixty

at the main stations, all the sites are manned the year round. Surprisingly, most of the staff are civilians. For the first time in military history a purely military function was handed over to a civilian firm. Under contract to the U.S. Defense Department, ITT/Felec Services Incorporated, with Canadian headquarters in Winnipeg, is wholly responsible for operation and maintenance of the line.

At many of the sites local Inuit are hired and trained for plant support, maintenance duties and heavy equipment operation. The Canadian Forces and U.S.A.F. personnel who are posted to the arctic sites for periods of up to a year, serve in the main data centres as radar-findings evaluation teams. All other positions, including radar console operators, are filled by civilian technicians hired by the contractor.

The physical construction of the DEW Line must stand as one of the greatest logistic and construction feats in the history of the North. Everything about the massive project was a first-time event, or set some kind of new record.

Initial responsibility for construction of the line was awarded to the giant Bell System Corporation. They in turn relegated authority for overall management of the design and construction to their Western Electric Company. The building of the Canadian segment was further subcontracted, with Northern Construction Company and James W. Stewart Ltd. of Vancouver assuming responsibility for work in western Canada and the Foundation Company of Canada handling the eastern segment.

Since Canada's Arctic would contain over 3,200 kilometres of the originally planned 5,000 kilometre span, it was decided to proceed first with a test segment down the Alaska coast. This would allow a period of on-site experimentation on reasonably accessible northern terrain to provide precious know-how for construction of the vast, treacherous Canadian segment yet to come.

Up to the time of the DEW Line's inception, knowledge of construction in the Far North was limited. Following the exploration period, the fur trade moved in with the Hudson's Bay Company contacting the Inuit population and setting up and servicing posts from Alaska to North Baffin Island. After Roald Amundsen navigated the famed Northwest Passage in 1903-06, activity in that area was confined to the Hudson's Bay Company fur-trade supply vessels. In 1930 the *Fort James* from the east met the *Fort Macpherson* from the west at Gjoa Haven, making the first commercial transit of the Northwest Passage. Then in 1937 the *Aklavik* from the west met the *Nascopie* from the east in Bellot Strait. In 1942, in the *St Roch*, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police pushed through the passage in a single season and twelve years later another vessel, H.M.C.S. *Labrador* accomplished the feat. The *Labrador* was later to apply that experience in helping to establish sealift supply lines during building of the DEW Line.

Still, the Arctic remained a relatively untried and hostile environment. The problems encountered, even before construction began, often seemed insurmountable. Existing designs of radio communication and detection equipment were unsuited to the fierce electrical storms, hurricane-force gales, ice, fog, temperature inversions and other atmospheric phenomena unique to the Arctic. From the very beginning most of the electronic equipment had to be newly designed. Starting almost from scratch the scientists invented as they went, making parts by hand, and assembling equipment that would operate effectively both in the storms and the fluctuating currents of the Magnetic Pole.

It soon became apparent, too, that the maps of the day were unreliable. They lacked the detail and accuracy necessary for scientific siting of the arctic stations. Up to that time there had apparently been no real need for detailed maps of the land above the Arctic Circle.

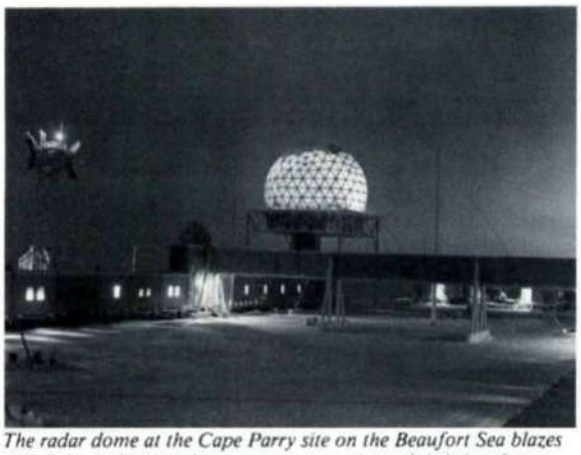
Beginning almost on the Alaska-Canada border, the farther east one travels the more forbidding the country. Beyond the flat, wind-whipped tundra the land rises up in a nightmare of jagged mountain ranges and rocky gorges. Yet in the placement of the stations the terrain was a secondary consideration. Since the radar coverage and the new tropospheric scatter communications system required precise and critical locations, there could be no guesswork. They had to be where they had to be, even if it meant building them on mountainsides, ledges or peaks.

Survey teams were quickly assembled and dispersed throughout the North. In the course of mapping, siting and selecting access routes the teams travelled more than 1.5 million kilometres. They brought back over 80,000 photographs, providing invaluable information for future use in opening the North to development. Before the arrival of the siting crews, many of the station sites had never been seen from the ground by white men. At other locations they had for company the spirits of some of history's great explorers. One site, where men now live and work in relative comfort, is within walking distance of the spot where Sir John Franklin perished in 1847 during his ill-fated search for the Northwest Passage. Yet another looks down upon the remains of a ship abandoned by Roald Amundsen. And it was near the Point Barrow site that Wiley Post and Will Rogers died in a 1935 plane crash.

Much of the credit for the siting drive belonged to the Royal Canadian Air Force. Without their whole-hearted support, construction of the line would have been delayed for years. The Royal Canadian Air Force pilots soon learned to consider any landing they walked away from as a good one.

When the sites were finally located and laid out in accordance with the exacting criteria, it was generally done in weather capable of freezing exposed skin in minutes,

Gale force winds at Cape Dyer pack everything above ground level with heavy layers of snow.



The radar dome at the Cape Parry site on the Beaufort Sea blazes with light, indicating that emergency repair work is being done. Beneath the dome are the living quarters and operations room. An enclosed passageway connects to other buildings.

Cape Dyer.

and often in snow up to six metres deep.

Meanwhile, every single item that man would need to live and work in the Arctic had to be itemized and purchased. More than 113,000 purchase orders were issued to 4,600 companies in Canada and the United States. Everything from safety pins to giant rock crushers had to be located and ordered, including the myriad items required for everyday living and a modicum of comfort. For example, in 32 months, 22,000 tons of food were shipped in, along with 12 acres of bed sheets, six acres of rugs, and five kilometres of window shades to obscure the midnight sun. Once purchased, these mountains of cargo had to be transported to desolate, almost inaccessible locations.

For only a few scant weeks in August and early September can the arctic coast be reached by sea. During this brief period the U.S. Navy provided ships for the western convoy haul of 4,500 kilometres from Seattle, Washington, to the DEW Line coastal stations in Alaska. Aboard was a contingent of soldiers who had been trained at Ft Eustis, Virginia, to stevedore the enormous mounds of freight.

At the same time, serving as the senior ship of the eastern task force, H.M.C.S. *Labrador* chewed a laborious route through the ice packs of Hudson Strait. The *Labrador's* mission was not simply to deliver supplies, personnel and equipment to men already waiting at the sites, but also to survey uncharted waters, to select landing sites, to install navigational control stations along the way and, more critically, to guide to safe passage through the ice-choked seas and straits the sixty ships of her convoy. Often, demolition experts worked ahead with high explosives to clear the ice. And at many of the landing points, frogmen in underwater suits had to locate rocks and reefs, set explosive charges and literally blast channels so the landing craft could make the beaches.

Using hundreds of vessels, the military sea transport service delivered thousands of tonnes of cargo through waters and to beaches for which no navigational charts existed. In the dead of winter, military airlifts, land-lifts and sealifts never before dreamed possible were devised and carried out to feed the line. Every practicable kind of transportation was used. From a railhead at Waterways, Alberta, the Northern Construction Company shipped freight by barge down the Mackenzie River to Aklavik, a distance of 2,500 kilometres. Portages were a common event. At one portage, such cargo as a sea-going tug was hauled on rollers 20 kilometres around rapids.

During the first two summer seasons almost 510,000 tonnes of materials and supplies were delivered by aircraft, naval convoy, barges and Caterpillar trains. The airlift itself was the largest commercial operation ever attempted. Over 50,000 aircraft flights airlifted 160 million tonne-kilometres of cargo. A total of 330 million litres of petroleum, oil and lubricants were delivered to fuel the line, less than half in tankers, the balance in one

Two huge communication towers at Cape Parry. Access routes are lined with empty fuel drums to mark the way after each snowstorm.

million drums.

But the Arctic could not be overpowered in one giant operation. The airlift began conquering it by degrees. Small advance parties were first set down by light planes fitted with skis. Using shovels they cleared enough snow from the ice to permit the landing of planes with regular landing gear. These planes brought small tractors, which made it possible to open longer airstrips for larger planes carrying larger tractors. Only then was it possible to build the long, substantial airstrips needed by the large freight planes, and only then could the airlift begin in earnest.

During the construction, almost eight million cubic metres of local gravel were used for roads, pads, airstrips, beams and concrete—enough to build a road 30 centimetres thick from Halifax to Calgary. And at each site stocks of spare parts were accumulated, covering a total of 33,000 separate line items.

From a standing start in 1954 to a peak of 25,000 personnel, men of countless trades and skills were transported to the Arctic. There they were housed, fed, and supplied with tools, machines and materials to erect water and petroleum tanks, and to build the necessary buildings, roads, airfields, hangars and numerous other facilities, all in the shadow of gigantic radomes and antennae.

To the average construction worker the Arctic was as foreign and threatening as the moon. Even the radio call designations of the sites evoked images of the solitude and bleak isolation in a cold, distant land: Tuktoyaktuk, Shingle Point, Longstaff Bluff, Cape Dyer, Barter Island, Mackar Inlet, Ice Cap 1, and the self-explanatory Lonely.

New lessons had to be learned in coping with the Arctic, and learned quickly. Caterpillar trains dragging cargo over the frozen tundra in bone-chilling cold followed trails marked only by air-dropped flags. As the men pushed across the flat sweep of drifting landscape they were confronted with one of the most baffling, eerie and dangerous phenomena of the North—the 'white-out'. Created by a unique combination of light and snow, the world became a solid, shadowless shade of grey. In a white-out there is no up or down, no back or front, only an unnerving sense of being suspended in space. 'Cat' trains ground to a halt on the spot. Anyone taking a few steps into the greyness ran the risk of vanishing forever within metres of shelter and safety. So long as the white-out held, often for days, no one dared to move.

Because of the short summer construction period, operations had to be telescoped dramatically. In many instances buildings went up while they were being designed. Crews continued to dig and haul gravel, erect steel and pour concrete through the winter as well as summer.

Soon, strange-looking settlements began to rise along the rim of the continent—steel structures, domes, spires of antennae. Groups of local Inuit often gathered in curiosity to watch these odd happenings in their land. Although baffled at first by the modern machines, they were quick to catch on. Before long many of them became willing and conscientious workers on the DEW Line locations. One Inuit, noted for his unerring sense of direction, was hired on as a guide. On his first trip, using no landmarks or compass, he led a 'cat' train 200 kilometres across barren, treeless tundra with his dog-team. They reached their destination in two days. Later, a crew checking his trail by airplane found that at no time had he deviated more than four degrees off a straight course.

Some of the sites were located directly on muskeg, the sludgy marsh ranging from one-half to two metres thick. In winter the muskeg is concrete-hard, but during the summer thaws its spongy sogginess is comparable to walking on an endless trampoline. Beneath the muskeg lies permafrost—the Arctic's moisture-laden soil up to 300 metres thick and estimated to have been in a frozen state for as long as 10,000 years. Yet even this ancient, ice-bound earth was subject to local surface melting. As a result, roads and airstrips had to be covered with as much as two metres of gravel to prevent thawing. Buildings which had been erected for some time suddenly began to tilt and settle into their foundations. Even during the ruthlessly cold winters heat inside the buildings seeped downward, turning the foundations to slush.

The problem was solved finally by drilling with steam deeper into the permafrost and inserting long steel rods. Deep down, the permafrost quickly refroze around the rods to produce solid, stationary pilings. The buildings were then set on the 'stilts' which proved capable of absorbing heat without shifting. Yet another lesson had been learned, another problem mastered.

In spite of the obstacles, permanent facilities to house the delicate and complicated electronic gear were completed as required. With the equipment installed and interconnected, testing of the system began. More than one million formal tests were conducted, some taking up to seven weeks, before the system was accepted for operation.

Incredibly, in 1957 the DEW Line was completed and fully operational right on schedule—little better than two years after the decision to begin construction. The Canadian portion alone was estimated to have cost $500 million.

Now, 26 years later, the DEW Line will take on new life and significance in the defence of North America. Because of a perceived threat from a new generation of Soviet-made long range bombers, Canadian and U.S. military strategists plan to revitalize and upgrade the line. A two-phase, $700 million program to reactivate abandoned sites and add other new sites is expected to begin in 1984, with the first phase of the new North Warning System planned for completion by 1986.

The second phase, to be completed by 1988, will involve the construction of 33 unmanned robot stations, 27 of which will be on Canadian soil. All but ten of the existing sites are to receive massive upgrading. The new radar of this North Warning System will be able to spot not only high-flying bombers, but Soviet cruise missiles skimming at tree-top level.

Once again the Arctic will become a beehive of activity. Thus the DEW Line will remain a vital link in the chain of North American defence until at least the end of the century.

Yet the building of the DEW Line, the original surveying and mapping, the construction of those first airfields and aircraft staging routes, cannot be separated from the question of northern development. Although military flights were—and still are—explicitly concerned with military functions, they also constitute an indispensable bond with the outside world for settlements and activities in the Far North. Without airfields and facilities for aircraft maintenance it is no exaggeration to state that the development of the North would not be possible. By and large, no civilian commercial group would find it profitable to provide these facilities.

An operation encompassing the enormous volumes of cargo movement and skilled personnel in such remote, alien territory would have been impossible without the historic co-operation between Canada and the United States.

Completed without a single incident being referred to diplomatic sources, the Distant Early Warning Line stands not only as a vast northern sentinel against attack, but as a monument to international relations. ◆

VISITS WITH PIA

By Dorothy Harley Eber

Over a period of fifteen years, Dorothy Eber has travelled in the Arctic and written extensively, particularly on Inuit art. Her books include an oral biography of Peter Pitseolak: 'People from Our Side: A Life Story'.

Dorothy Eber

Pia Pootoogook who worked with the author as a translator during the early and middle 1970s.

'LUCY IS BACK,' SAID PIA ONE MORNING, and she and I hastened over to Lucy and Tikito's house. Lucy and Tikito were hard people to visit because they were rarely at home.

'We'd rather be camping down the bay than living in the settlement,' Lucy explained. 'Even now we are at Kangia, our camp. We only came to Cape Dorset to get supplies, then we'll go right back to camp.'

In the early and middle 1970s Pia Pootoogook and I tramped all over Cape Dorset visiting the artists who made Cape Dorset prints famous, asking questions about their work and often hearing a life story. In the past few years sad news has reached the South on many occasions. Many of those Pia and I talked to on our rounds are no longer living. Lucy Quinnuayuaq and Mary Kudjuarjuk (always called Kudjuarjuk—she began to make use of Mary after last names became necessary in the early 70s) both died in 1982 and Ikayukta Tunillie died in 1980.

With their deaths the North has lost three most articulate witnesses to the old way of life. All preferred life on the land but recognized that settlement life was a trade-off that brought some advantages. And although the Inuit have long been Christian, their stories sometimes suggest that the age-old shamanistic beliefs were still very much a cultural inheritance.

To meet Lucy was to meet a star in a particularly dazzling constellation of artists. Among Cape Dorset's many talented families no other perhaps has so many famous members. Lucy's in-laws include Niviaksiak, the old master among modern printmakers, who died in the early days of print-making having contributed a few spectacular images. A niece by marriage is Kenojuak, creator of the 'Enchanted Owl', the most famous of all Eskimo prints; a nephew by marriage is the important younger artist Audla Pudlat. Many other family members—including Tikito and Lucy's sister, Tukiki Atinmik—have also had prints made from their drawings from time to time.

No sooner were Pia and I seated at Lucy's kitchen table than the phone rang. The interpreter from the school was calling. It was a beautiful September day, school had just started and the children were expected to attend. But Lucy and Tikito had arranged a compromise. They would leave the oldest child at school in the settlement and take the others for another week or two of camping.

Lucy and Tikito ran a busy household; it was sometimes hard to count heads. Their family included the children of Niviaksiak, Tikito's brother, as well as their own. In our conversation that day Lucy told us about the years in the late 1950s when, at the urging of James Houston, the artist and writer who was the first northern service officer for the federal government on southwest Baffin Island, everyone in the camps around Cape Dorset began to be artists, including Lucy herself and her brother-in-law—Niviaksi as Inuit people called him. She told us also how the children of Niviaksi came to make their home with her.

'Niviaksi was always happy to be with people,' Lucy remembered. 'He was always happy whenever I saw him. He was happy about the drawings and carvings and

In the past five years Cape Dorset has lost a number of its world-renowned artists. These are the recorded memories of three of them—Lucy Quinnuayuaq, Mary Kudjuarjuk and Ikayukta Tunillie.

National Film Board

Cape Dorset as it was in 1960 when the early prints were being made. The two-storey house, left, was occupied by James and Alma Houston: on the right, near the plastic igloo, is the art centre.

prints. I don't know why—he just really enjoyed doing them and seemed happy all the time. He was a happy man. He always had to be busy doing something. He was not a lazy fellow.

'Niviaksi was one of the first to do drawings along with me. Sowmik (James Houston—the left-handed one) encouraged and told us all to do these drawings. We would draw in camp and then when a dog-team went to get supplies we would take along the drawings and give them to Sowmik. Then we'd go back to camp and do some more. Niviaksi was already here in Cape Dorset then. He came to Cape Dorset when Sowmik moved here, about the same time that Kiakshuk and his son Lukta moved from their camp. I also remember that before Sowmik came, when we were all living at Kangia, Niviaksi was making carvings to trade for food at the Bay.

'I do not remember what year it was that Niviaksi died. I used to have a calendar to keep the year and the month of his death but that calendar has been lost so I no longer know. He died when we were camping at Noovoojuak. There were only three men in camp at the time and there were also our children. Niviaksi was with his nephew, the young Kenojuak. They were walking along together tracking a polar bear . . . following the tracks. Suddenly Niviaksi fell down and died. Kenojuak, his nephew, came to tell us and everyone in our camp was in shock.'

Many people speculated about Niviaksiak's death. Kenojuak Ashevak, Niviaksiak's niece said, 'Until Niviaksi had run out of breath, young Kenojuak didn't leave him. He was there until he died and then he went away. I don't know what caused it. He wasn't sick at all. Maybe he had a heart attack but some people thought that Nanook—the bear—was not really Nanook. Maybe the bear was the spirit of an Inuit shaman.'

People remember that the year of Niviaksiak's death bears came right into the settlement and went past Lucy's house.

Eegjuvudluk Pootoogook who puts the colour on many of the blocks from which the prints are pulled, said, 'I think Niviaksi's death was not a natural death. Perhaps it was not a shaman's work, but I think the polar bear he was hunting was bad . . . not a normal bear. This is only my thinking. I haven't heard people talking. But this is what I think.'

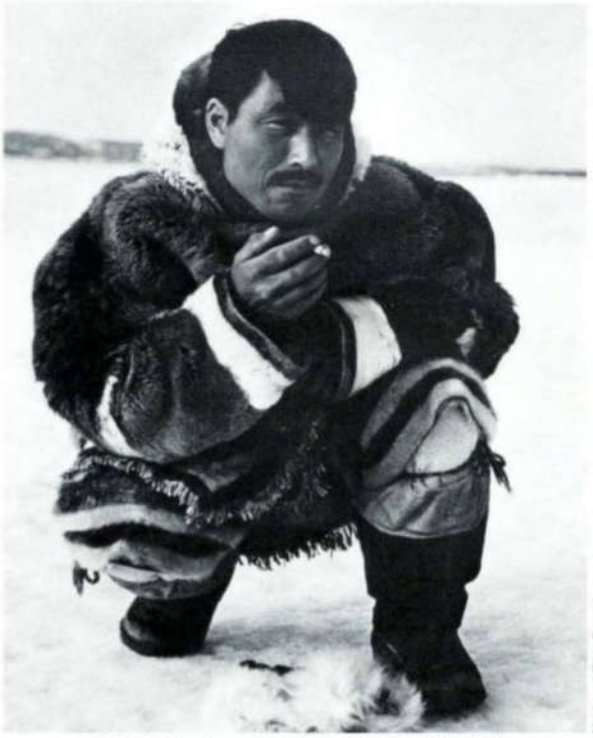
When Niviaksiak died his wife Kunu was down south in hospital with tuberculosis. Their children lived for a while with an aunt. Kunu returned but she died from tuberculosis in Cape Dorset. From then until they became adults the children lived with Lucy and Tikito. In the early 70s when Pia and I talked to Lucy she told us her house seemed empty. 'I think we moved to Cape Dorset from our camp around 1963. I have three girls and two sons and two other adopted children. One is my own grandchild. Niviaksi has five children—three girls and two boys. The two boys are still with me, two girls are married here in Cape Dorset and one girl has gone to Churchill to school. Before Niviaksi's two girls married and got away, there were a lot of people living in the house. Now there seems to be hardly anyone living here. When we come back from camping to stay for the winter there will be nine people living in this house.'

Lucy and Tikito loved camp life. But Niviaksiak's death was not the only tragedy that occurred in their camp. On one occasion a strange disease struck the camp, perhaps the result of bad meat, and children died and Tikito almost died. When everything went well, camp life was best, Lucy seemed to feel, but there were advantages to being in the settlement.

'I think the Inuit would still be able to live off the land. There are not too many animals in our camping area and today there seem to be fewer seals than there were years ago but even today, when men go trapping for foxes, they come back with foxes everytime. When men go hunting, they come back with animals they've killed. Tikito and I like camp life because we have so many different kinds of food in camp and we like the Eskimo food very much.

'I have been thankful that my children have been able to live in a warm house although I prefer to live in camp. The only thing that stops us from living full time at camp is our children and our health. Settlement life, or camp life, it does not matter to me although it would be nice to be in camp if everything was fine, if nobody were sick. My health has been very bad in the wintertime and that is one of the reasons I am not eager to be camping in winter. I feel if it were not for the medicines the girls at the nursing station give me, I would be really ill.

'When I finish all my other work around the house, sewing and cleaning, then I do my drawings. But I would rather do drawings at camp. When I do them there I feel there is lots of time to do them.'



National Film Board

Niviaksiak, the great artist and hunter who died mysteriously while hunting a bear. From a photograph taken in 1960.

I renewed my acquaintance with Lucy just a few months before her death when she was down south for hospital treatment, and went along when Lucy visited the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to be interviewed about her art on the Inuit TV program 'Takravut'. The 1983 calendar of the West Baffin Eskimo Co-operative is devoted entirely to her prints but on the subject of her drawings Lucy was always more than modest. 'Since I first started it has always been really hard for me to draw. Before I do a drawing I have to think of something to draw. This is not an easy thing to do. I never really like my drawings; I only like other people's.' But when asked, many Cape Dorset people choose Lucy as their favourite artist.

Perhaps it was no wonder that Lucy was always a community favourite. Like the appealing birds she so often drew, Lucy seemed to brighten other lives.

The artist Ikayukta who died in 1980 had a name which means 'she who gets help from everybody'. When Pia and I met Ikayukta in 1972 she had been drawing only for a short time since her family had moved into Cape Dorset just two years before. 'We were the last people to move from camp,' she told us. At their camp they had had a house which they sometimes lent to kadluna—white people. They gave up full-time camp life, Ikayukta explained, because several camp members went south to be treated for tuberculosis. After that, too few remained for safety. 'It would have been dangerous if a polar bear came by.' Ikayukta was first married to Tunillie

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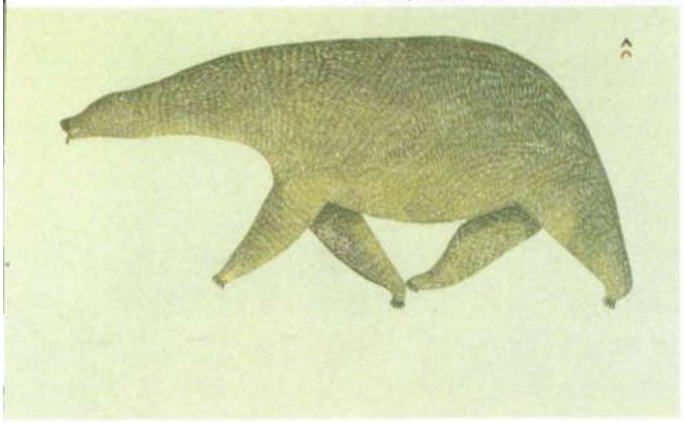


'Nanupauja'. Stonecut by Lucy, 1979.

'Fantasy Owl'. Lithograph by Lucy, 1980.

Tessa Macintosh

Lucy Quinnuayuaq at work in the West Baffin Eskimo Co-operative studio.

Tessa MacIntosh

Ikayukta Tunillie.

'Three Birds'. Stonecut and stencil by Ikayukta, 1978.

whom some have called a shaman. By him (her first husband) she had two children, a son Kabawa and a daughter Kakalu. Both have produced Cape Dorset prints.

Ikayukta talked to Pia and me of marriage. 'My first husband was equipped with kayak and umiak. He never stayed still; we were always hunting. I often went with him since we didn't have children right away.

'In the old days it was like this: some men would be looking for wives even though they had wives already. Tunillie had a wife when he asked for me. My father and mother did not want this marriage since he was already married. He sent over his wife many times to my father with a note. But my father was very afraid of this man so in the end, he agreed to the arrangement.

'When Tunillie asked for me I was just a young girl who had never had a menstruation. I didn't even know how to sew clothing. I was frightened and very afraid of this man. I was even scared of his hand. Then after a while, I got used to him and wanted to stay with him.

'In the old days the marriages were arranged. The woman would be forced to marry a man she didn't want. The girl would cry and the man would try to drag her out of the house. Some parents would refuse but once the parents had agreed to have their daughter married off there was nothing a girl could do. She would have to go off with the man and they would live together. The girls were quite young; at first they didn't like their men but after a while they liked them.

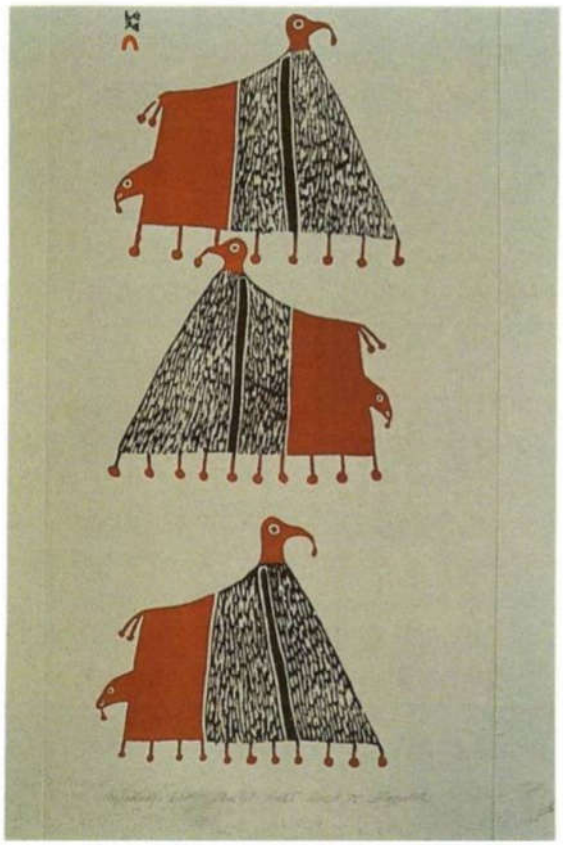
'After I went with Tunillie, the three of us lived together in the same igloo. That's how I was from the time I was almost nothing.'

Until the beginning of the 1960s women were taken in marriage in their early teens. As we walked home Pia confided she was glad this no longer happened, even though

greater freedom of choice does not guarantee a happy marriage. Few arctic women regret the passing of the old marriage customs.

Walking up a hill one day, I saw the door of a bungalow fly open and one of the largest women I have ever seen appeared on the porch. She was holding up a drawing which even from the far side of the road looked quite distinctive. She shouted at me in Inuktitut and waved me over; I waved and shouted back in English that I couldn't come in because I was late for a meeting with Pia.

Later I asked Pia about the woman on the porch with the drawing. 'That's Kudjuarjuk,' she said. A few days later I met her at a meeting being held to organize a dance. Members of the community council were there to make arrangements and share up the chores. Kudjuarjuk was the only woman on the council and in elections, I was told, she regularly got the largest number of votes. At the end of the meeting she had the responsibility for getting women to make a special kind of fried bannock, a specialty from Northern Quebec, and for finding girls to serve the coffee. She seemed an especially friendly woman, welcoming and kind to visiting kadluna.



'Angakuk's Tent'. Stonecut by Ikayukta, 1975.

From different members of the community I heard her story and realized why Kudjuarjuk was eager to sell her drawings. First I heard from Eleeshushee, Parr's remarkable widow, that Kudjuarjuk had always been a person to whom others went for help. 'There used to be persons in the camps who would do operating,' explained Eleeshushee. 'They would lance and clean wounds if they had puss.' Later each camp had a medicine chest with aspirin and pills to stop haemorrhaging in childbirth. Kudjuarjuk had been the dispenser of medicines in her camp. But three years before my visit, a dreadful illness had killed members of Kudjuarjuk's family and almost killed Kudjuarjuk herself.

Kudjuarjuk, her husband Kipapik, her son and adopted son and their children ate the meat of a seal which had been lying on the beach under a tarpaulin. The men of the family were working on the construction of the new school and the following day they turned up on the job but shortly went to the nursing station because of dizziness and cramps. Soon all who had eaten the rotten meat were at the nursing station.

Botulism was diagnosed. Weather was bad and several attempts to evacuate the family by air failed. When the family finally reached Frobisher Bay where the hospital had life-saving serum it was too late to save Kudjuarjuk's husband and her two sons. For a long time after the tragedy Kudjuarjuk lay on her bed, unable to bring herself to go outside. Uta, a Swedish nurse at the nursing station, used to go each day to try to encourage her to want to live. Finally after many weeks, Kudjuarjuk left her house and eventually adopted her dead sons' children.

It seems to me now that no one in Cape Dorset was more respected that Kudjuarjuk. Her life from a very young age was marked by dramatic and tragic events.

'I was born near Lake Harbour,' Kudjuarjuk told us. 'When I was growing up and just becoming a young woman we moved towards Cape Dorset, to Amadjuak. I will tell you why we moved. It was because my mother had been killed by a polar bear.

'At the time we were living in a camp near Lake Harbour and we were the only family there. My father and I walked to the settlement to get supplies at the H B C post and while we were out of the camp a polar bear came to our camp and attacked my two sisters and my mother. My mother was killed and my two sisters had their heads torn and ripped open. With their heads bleeding, these little girls started walking to the next camp, leaving behind a dead mother and a younger sister and a cousin in the igloo with the polar bear.

'When my two sisters arrived they found the campers there inside the igloo having a prayer meeting. They were still bleeding but they waited until after the prayers and then went in. When they told the people what had hap-

Kudjuarjuk begins a soapstone carving.

'Tuktuq'. Stonecut and stencil by Mary Kudjuarjuk, 1982.

Mary Kudjuarjuk.

pened two men ran all the way to our camp and killed the polar bear. They found the two children safe. They were under the blankets and when they moved the polar bear only looked at them.'

Some thought perhaps that bear was also a shaman's spirit because Mosee, Kudjuarjuk's mother, had had a son by another partner who was troubled in his mind and had brought tragedy to his community. 'For a while after this happened,' Kudjuarjuk continued, 'we had to take my sisters regularly to Lake Harbour to have their wounds dressed by the kadluna there. The wounds healed and my sisters lived to have children. Then, when they were better, we moved away to Amadjuak.

'At the time we lived in Amadjuak the kadluna had a post there. I don't know how many years the white men stayed in that place but after I married and went to the Cape Dorset area, I heard they moved away. It was in Amadjuak that I began to deliver the babies and operate on sores on the surface of the skin. There are not too many Eskimo medicines but there is one which is very good: it is call *poojualook* and it is a little plant that grows in damp mossy areas. They are white on top and brown inside—mushrooms. In the summertime we used to collect all the poojualook from the moss for the winter and wrap them and store them in a dry area. These poojualook have a dry powder on them and on the big cuts we would put on a poojualook as medicine and as a bandage to stop the bleeding and heal the wound. They were very good for the cut and would keep the wound dry. No doctor ever asked me about Eskimo medicine so I have never yet told a doctor about poojualook.

'A long time ago the Inuit were never sick very much; now they are sick more often. I do not think the white man has brought disease. It is just that when people live together, and there are many of them, then there are sicknesses going around the community. A long time ago in the summertime when the ship came from Arctic Quebec there would be measles and chicken-pox and people would have more colds.

'The reason I left the camp at Amadjuak was because I married a man from Cape Dorset. My first husband's name was Pitseolak. He was related to Peter Pitseolak and because they were related they had the same name. We lived in camp at Noovoojuak which means "giant point". It was one of the best places I have ever lived—I remember there were so many foxes. I do not know how many years we were married but it was a long time and all my children were fathered by this man. After my husband died of a sickness, I married Kopapik.

'I was married to Kopapik and we were camping down at Keatok, Peter Pitseolak's camp, when James Houston—whom we call Sowmik, first came to Cape Dorset. He travelled by dog-team from Lake Harbour and on his way to Cape Dorset he passed our camp and stayed with us on his way there. We found out he was going to start people carving. After Sowmik and his guide went on to Cape Dorset I remember Kopapik began to make a small ivory knife; it was his first carving.

'When we lived in the camps—winter camps, summer camps—dog-teams would go to the settlement to get supplies—the flour, tobacco, sugar and lard—and this was how we heard the news from the settlement and other people's camps. So one day a dog-team came back from Cape Dorset and we heard that people there were starting to carve and that this was run by Sowmik.

'I never did carving or drawings when I was a young girl but I did do lots of sewing. It was this way: when we were little girls growing up, our mothers would teach us how to sew skins. To learn how to make kamiks, the sealskin boots, we would practise on tiny kamiks under the guidance of our mothers. Besides little kamiks, we would make sealskin mitts and sealskin slippers—only small ones since we were just practising. After we were able to make these little boots and mitts, we would start to make our own mitts, kamiks and slippers. Then, when we were able to sew by ourselves, we would get sewing baskets—these were just cans in which we could put our needles and thread so they would not get lost.

'And when we were little girls we had *eenooja,* —little wooden dolls which our fathers and our uncles would make for us to play with. These wooden dolls had heads and legs but the arms were missing so when we made clothes for them we would stuff the sleeves with something. We used to make parkas, pants, boots and mitts and we would hunt for mouse skins and lemming skins for blankets and bedding. In the springtime when it was nice and warm and light we would play with these dolls for days on end. We'd make so many clothes for them and pretend they were real people.

'Around the time everyone started to carve I also did a few little carvings. I remember my first carving was a little person carrying something on his back. The tools for carving then were an axe and a file. In those days that's all we had and we didn't have anything with which to shine the carving after it was done. We had to collect our own soapstone, too. Nowadays we can buy it from the co-op and we have nicer tools than we did before.

'The carving and print-making have helped Inuit people very, very much. I think life is much more difficult today. It is not a bad life and it is perhaps not all that difficult but there are people who make it bad by doing bad things, by drinking too much, by not respecting their elders, by breaking into houses and by stealing—these kinds of things. Since there are not too many jobs available, there are many who are not working, and the carving and print-making give families a chance to earn money. I draw people, birds and walrus, anything that comes to mind. I do these people, birds and walrus both on paper and also in soapstone carvings. I don't think my work is all that good but I try my best when I draw and carve and I have seen good work by other people both in stone and in the prints.' ◆

WINTER FESTIVAL AT CROSS LAKE

By Connie Wright

The master of ceremonies for the festival events held in the town hall.
Right: The winner of the dog-team race which is a highlight of the festival.

EVERY YEAR IN EARLY MARCH, the small community of Cross Lake, Manitoba, comes to life with a three-day winter festival. By March the heavy snows have fallen and the people are ready to get out and enjoy clear, sun-filled days.

Cross Lake is by tradition the home of the Swampy Cree Indians; the band being formed by the migration of people from York Factory, Fort Churchill, Nelson House, Oxford House and Moose Lake. Briefly in 1795-96 and again in 1849 the Hudson's Bay Company operated Cross Lake as an outpost of Norway House. In 1886 the post was re-established a short distance south of its original site, at the south end of Cross Lake. It lies about 65 kilometres north of Norway House and 515 kilometres north of Winnipeg.

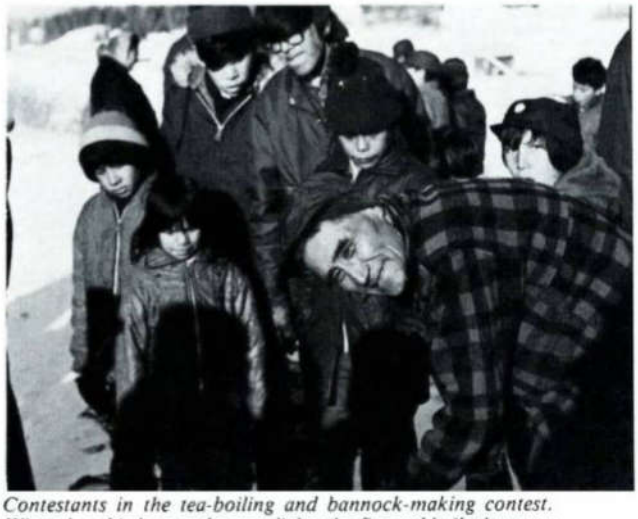
The community today has some 2,000 people and is accessible by plane—Perimeter Airlines has daily flights from Winnipeg. There is also bus and train service to nearby communities, and a recently constructed all-weather road links Cross Lake to Jenpeg and the provincial highway system. Accommodation for visitors is available at the motel in Cross Lake.

During the day, outdoor contests are held, with the activities centred on the ice between the Hudson's Bay store and the settlement of Wapak. The highlight of the games is the dog-team race for a purse contributed by the Trappers' Festival Committee. The race starts at Wapak, heads up the lake for about twelve miles and then returns. While the dogs are out on the trail, other contests are underway on the ice. Squaw wrestling is performed by the men; opponents lie on their backs, heads in opposite directions, and try to flip each other with a strong grip of the legs.

Connie Wright, of Toronto, is a free-lance journalist who has contributed articles to a number of magazines, including 'Indian Record' and 'Ontario Indian'. Photographs are by the author.

One of the longest yarns on record—a contestant in the liars' contest gives his version of the fish story about the one that got away.

During the evening ceremonies the people of Cross Lake gather in the band hall for the liars' contest and beauty contest, and to hear some of their favourite songs.



Contestants in the tea-boiling and bannock-making contest. When the whistle goes the man lights the fire and boils the water while the woman makes the bannock.

Contestants in the biscuit-eating contest must devour a dozen crackers as fast as possible, and then whistle. The first to whistle wins.

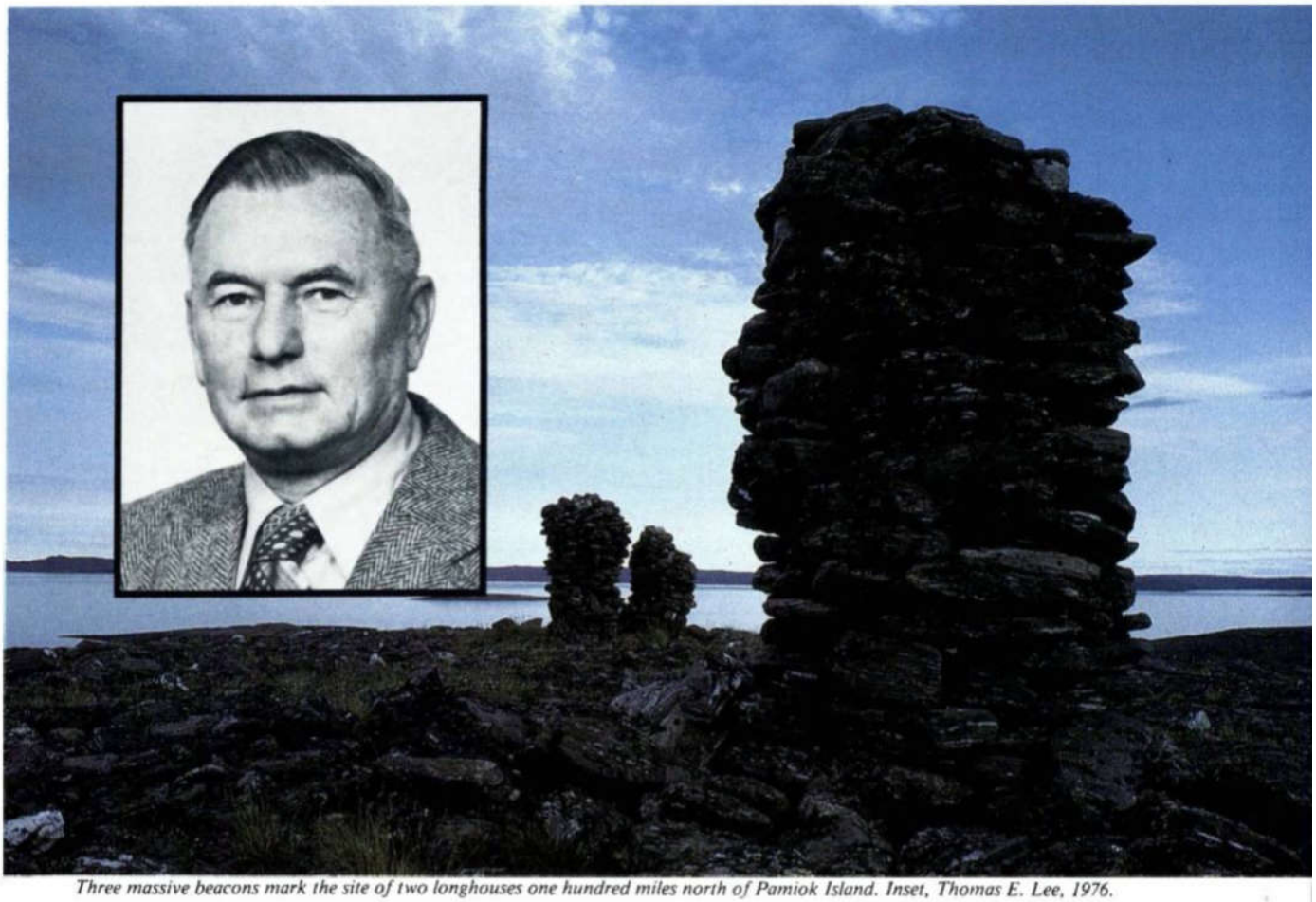
At least one festival project is designed for women—the patch-sewing contest. The ladies must sew a patch on the seat of the men's trousers—while the trousers are occupied, and while a cheering crowd looks on.

During the day there is a tea-boiling and bannock-baking contest. It is typical of the Cree of Cross Lake to not leave anyone out of a good thing. The couple who finish first are usually the ones to begin handing out the home-made bannock and tea to the onlookers. Everyone present is treated.

At night everyone collects in the band hall for the liars' contest in which tried and true story-tellers compete to see who can weave the longest, most extravagant tale. Everyone enjoys the stories they tell. There is also a beauty contest in which several young women compete for the title of Miss Winter Carnival. Altogether it is a lot of fun to spend winter carnival time in Cross Lake—well worth the long trip into the bush. ◆

On the Trail of The NORTHMEN

By Thomas E. Lee



Three massive beacons mark the site of two longhouses one hundred miles north of Pamiok Island. Inset, Thomas E. Lee, 1976.

LEIF ERICKSON, BJARNI, VINLAND — these names reach back across a thousand stormy summers to the Viking discoveries of the New World.

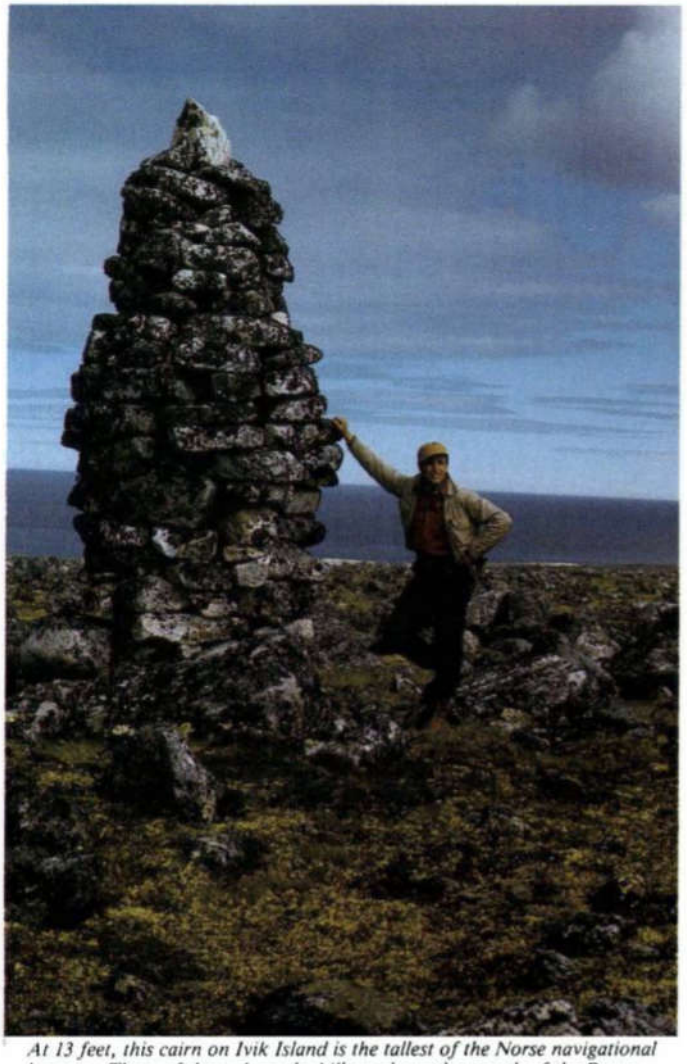
Many believe that Vinland was the Northmen's only colony in America; ruins of their houses, however, have also been found all along the remote Ungava coast in northern Quebec. The Norse here were on the very fringes of the civilized world. Scant information has survived in writing, and it is the work of an archaeologist to record whatever may be learned from the evidence in the ground.

In 1965 I made my first journey to Pamiok Island in Ungava Bay—a ragged strip of bare rock, 500 miles southwest of Greenland. We started from Payne Bay, an isolated village on the banks of the Payne River. Driven by a powerful motor, our freight canoe almost leaped through the turbulent waters. At the mouth of the estuary the sea opened wide and we swung northward,

'My work, now, is clearly at an end. Will any other take up where I leave off?' Archaeologist Thomas E. Lee wrote this account of his discoveries of a pre-Columbian European skull and a Norse longhouse on Pamiok Island shortly before his death in the summer of 1982.

Thomas Lee made almost yearly expeditions to Ungava in the 1960s and 1970s and returned there twice to participate in documentaries such as the National Film Board's film 'Viking Visitors to North America'. He was editor of the 'Anthropological Journal of Canada' for more than twenty years and was active in Canadian archaeology for more than half a century.

Photographs are from the Lee family collection.



At 13 feet, this cairn on Ivik Island is the tallest of the Norse navigational beacons. Three of them share the hilltop above the mouth of the Payne River estuary with modern navigational markers. The thousand-year-old stonework bears the stamp of European work.

Eskimo-built inukshuks. In terms of simple bulk and manner of construction they plainly represent a culture fundamentally different from the Norse.

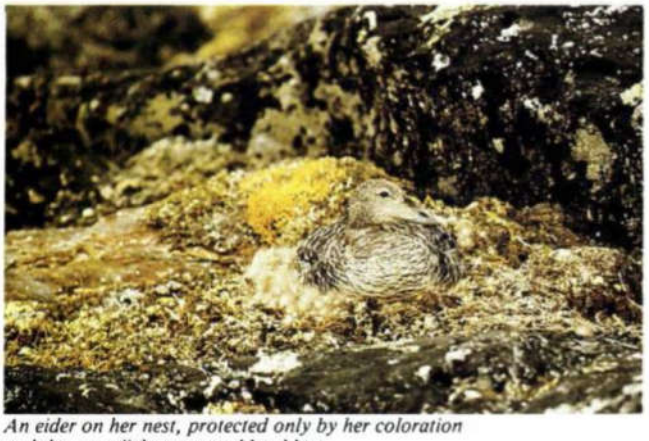
In form and dimensions the ancient Dorset houses, such as the one above, fall far short of being Norse longhouses.

The three Norse beacons of Ivik Island are visible for many miles out to sea. Behind them is the wide estuary of the Payne River and beyond, the Ungava coast stretching away toward Pamiok Island.

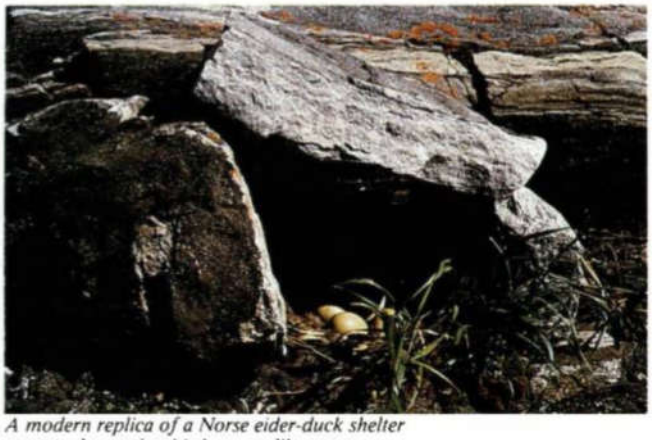
As clearly as if these were the faces of living men is the long narrow skull from Pamiok Island set apart from that of the Eskimo, with its wide cheekbones and keel, or ridge, running over the vault. From detailed study of other features, the prehistoric skull (left) was identified by the late Dr Carleton Coon of Harvard University as 'pure Icelandic'.

The great Pamiok longhouse is 83 feet from end to end with stone walls that stand four feet high; yet it is not nearly the largest longhouse known.

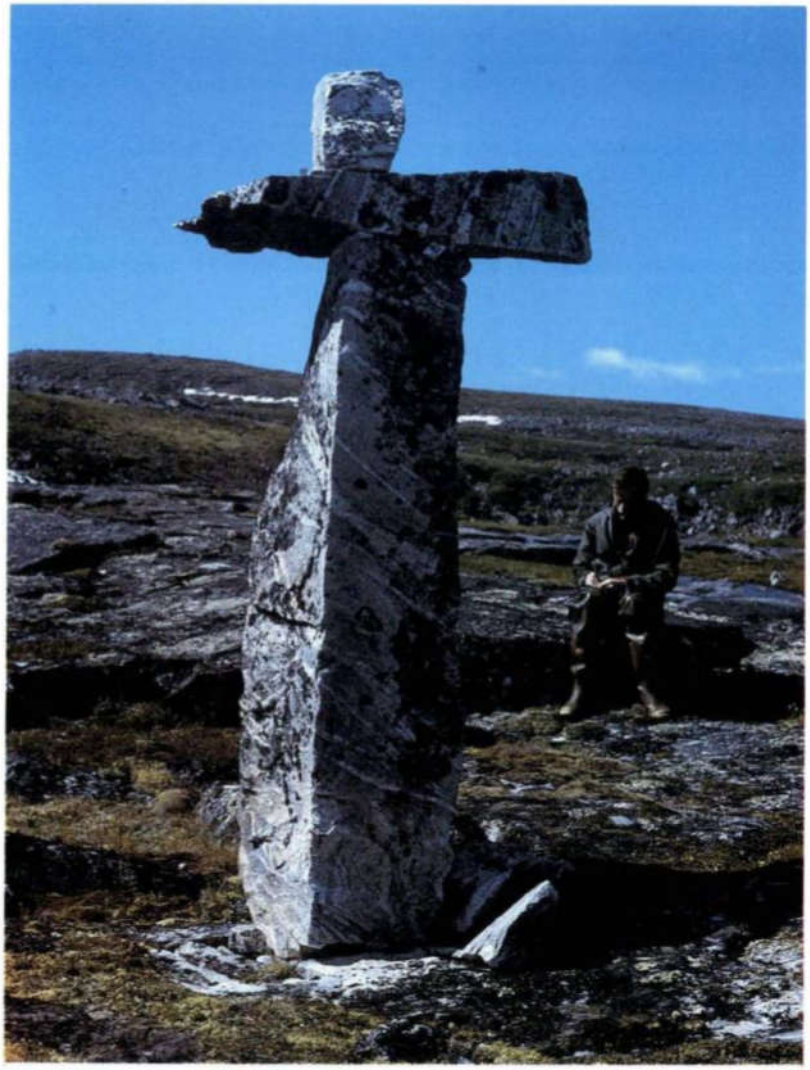
John Mordy



An eider on her nest, protected only by her coloration and the great lichen-covered boulders.



A modern replica of a Norse eider-duck shelter attracts the nesting birds as readily as ever.



The Hammer of Thor, symbol of the old Norse religion, may well have been raised as a distinctive signpost for the isolated Payne Lake settlement centuries ago. The 'handle' alone weighs an estimated 4,000 pounds.

Amid the stark beauty of the drifting pack ice are the seals and walruses that attracted Norse, Dorset and Eskimo hunters to Pamiok.

'Gazing out from Pamiok one last time my mind was flooded with vivid recollections of great discoveries, untold adventure and the durable friendships formed in the North.' Thomas Lee (left) on his last visit, 16 July 1978, with Joel Ziskin, director of the film 'In Search of Lost Vikings'.

marking with astonishment the fall of the tide. At some points it would drop sixty feet in six hours. The salt water boiled toward Pamiok, some ten or fifteen miles ahead.

At last the bow grated on clean, wave-worn stone, and Zachariasi, our Eskimo guide, stepped ashore. He proudly claimed this island, *Nuga Aktchuk*, as his birthplace and childhood home. I was looking for something specific; he knew where to send me and with assurance swept an arm over the hill of broken rock above the shore, saying simply, 'House—big, big house.' Beyond that bulge of dull stone, four summers of archaeological work and hardship and years of unwarranted controversy lay in wait for me. But before we ever saw the great house that came to mean so much, we found a number of ancient tombs, the lichen-encrusted graves that are so typical of this land. As we walked among them we peered into one partly open grave and a human skull stared unblinkingly out at us.

'I must have that skull,' I cried. 'That is not Eskimo. It is European.' Such was my opinion at first sight; such remained my opinion through the years ahead. The dismay of Zachariasi's young companion eased when he saw that the skull was not from one of his own people. It eventually went to Harvard University for extended study. After thorough examination and measurement, the late Dr Carleton S. Coon, one of the world's foremost authorities on racial characteristics, concluded that the skull I had found was 'pure Icelandic'. As such, it was the first pre-Columbian *European* skull ever found in the Americas.

My visit to Pamiok was no accident. In 1964, through the efforts of a world-renowned botanist and northern explorer, Dr Jacques Rousseau, I had been able to investigate prehistoric sites at Payne Lake, in the centre of the Ungava Peninsula. My one assistant and I had explored a little ourselves, and among our discoveries was the remains of a small settlement of European character. Rousseau was apparently the first white man to reach Payne Lake (as recently as 1948), yet here was evidence of a far earlier occupation. At the time I suspected that the village was Norse, and later satisfied myself on this account through excavation.

Knowing well the difficulty that would be involved in gaining recognition for an inland site of a sea-faring people, I turned my attention to the coast of Ungava Bay. There, I believed, I would find evidence of the Norse where they had first made contact with the New World.

Curiously, although perhaps typically for the North, a chance encounter at midnight gave me the key to my search. While passing through the Fort Chimo airport I stopped to tell a lean, elderly stranger about my unusual find at Payne Lake. As I spoke his eyes lit up and he exclaimed, 'Lee, you should go up the coast. That's where the big houses and the duck shelters are!'

My informant was none other than Jimmy Ford—wise, kindly and experienced in northern lore. As a young Scot from Newfoundland, he had gone into Payne Bay in 1926 to manage the Hudson's Bay Company outpost. He married an Eskimo girl and spoke the language like a native. He knew everyone and had been everywhere in that country—he was a fount of knowledge. Still, it must seem strange that a simple, unread man should have known so surely and so long before my investigations that the Norse had inhabited at one time the wild Ungava coast. In his function as manager of the little Payne Bay store, however, he had conversed and corresponded with the famed Stefansson. It was the latter who assured him, 'Where you have duck shelters, there you have Norse!'

For the Norse, eiderdown was an important and prized item of trade with the homeland. To facilitate its gathering they built low shelters in places where the eider ducks would nest. Using the slabs of stone at hand, they put together primitive birdhouses. Each spring the ducks came and nested, plucking the down from their own breasts to cover their lovely greenish eggs. These eider-duck shelters exist in Iceland still. And from Jimmy Ford, Stefansson learned long ago that the ancient duck shelters on the Ungava coast were still being used by the eiders.

Mr Ford was delighted to find someone who could accept his ideas about the strange stone ruins he had seen. To make certain that I missed nothing, he arranged with his friend Zachariasi, a wise and tough Eskimo who was getting along in years, to guide me up the coast by canoe. Thus it happened that I was brought face to face with the Icelandic skull, just minutes after first stepping ashore on Pamiok Island.

In the following dozen years, whenever meagre grants or the donations of far-sighted supporters could be obtained, I explored the rocky shore from Fort Chimo, on the mighty Koksoak River, to Koartac in Diana Bay, just off Hudson Strait. Zachariasi led me to the ruins of houses that had been as much as 115 feet long and 24 feet wide, and I gently embarrassed him with the discovery of still others. Without exception these narrow structures had rounded ends and slightly outcurving sides; the interiors were partitioned into rectangular rooms—they were truly longhouses. To one familiar with the North and its literature, the origins of such houses should have been obvious. Not only were these ruins fundamentally different from the generally rounded single-family dwellings used for millenia by the native peoples, but they were features familiar in known Norse settlements across the North Atlantic.

Conspicuous from the sea as we cruised the Ungava coast by canoe were great stone constructions that I have called 'beacons'. These Norse cairns could not be confused with the 'inukshuks' of the Eskimo, for they were much more massive and more carefully put together. The

Marine biologist Karen Yake beside the biggest of the three Norse cairns on Diana Island, 18 August 1981.

stonework was European in style. The Eskimo, in my experience, is eminently, a practical person. He does not struggle with a boulder where a small stone will do, nor will he painstakingly select scarce flat stones to be piled up like brickwork. In such matters his superior adaptation to a difficult environment shows through.

The big beacons occurred singly, in pairs, and in groups of three, making it possible for one to instantly identify his position on approaching the coast, just as present-day shipping is guided by lights that flash at set intervals. The beacons were almost always placed on the higher coastal hills, and it was significant that the largest cairn known shared the hilltop at the mouth of the Payne estuary with a modern navigational marker. It was the Norse, of course, who would have been navigating in strange waters, and not the native peoples, who already knew their country intimately.

At intervals along the banks of the estuary were more Norse-style beacons, and also a singular monument that I have named the 'Hammer of Thor'. I believe that these two tons and more of stone were raised as the symbol of Thor, Norse god of thunder, and that the monument was meant as a signpost for the colony at Payne Lake, far up the Payne River. The Norse would have gone there to be at the narrows where the caribou crossed the river in their thousands.

My principal efforts came to be directed to the excavation of the 'big, big house' on Pamiok Island. Zachariasi had played among the ruins as a child, and nothing had changed there in his lifetime. On that first day I was confronted with a wild jumble of lichen-covered boulders that filled the interior of a ship-shaped ridge of earth. Quite obviously, the stone walls of the longhouse had been pushed off their foundations. Not one piece of rock had been left upright.

Like other archaeologists who were trained in the major universities, I had cut my teeth on the rigid methodology that came out of the University of Chicago. I had developed flexibility, however, and adapted and devised new methods to suit different situations—an approach that sometimes brought criticism from the regimented ranks. In this case, the ground I meant to excavate was covered with heavy stones. Instead of shoving these to the outside in unsightly heaps, I chose to reconstruct those tumbled walls during the excavation. Before anything was moved, however, I mapped and measured meticulously, for afterward even the positions of the stones might become important.

From end to end the structure was 83 feet long. The earthen ridges reached their maximum dimensions along the sides, where they were as much as 10 feet wide. The undisturbed foundation stones buried within them allowed me to restore the walls to their original positions. I knew that if I used only the stones that littered the house floor I would not inadvertently exaggerate the height of

the walls. Reconstruction was arduous work, and sometimes the three of us could just barely manoeuvre the boulders into place. Still, this was better than what would come, for the hard exercise at least kept us warm. We removed what little sod there was and began scraping away the soil, inch by inch, watching not only for artifacts but for changes in soil colour and texture. The cold of the arctic summer seeped into our bones as we lay on the damp ground, and whenever we stood up to restore our circulation the raw wind off the pack ice numbed our fingers and bit through our winter clothing. Nevertheless, I carefully recorded every find and again mapped the site. Eventually I obtained a clear picture of what had happened on that bleak island almost 1,000 years ago.

The Norsemen had landed, perhaps in a single ship, on the clean sand of the only beach on the island. There, the vessel could safely be left as the tide fell, or be pulled up beyond the reach of the waves. Pamiok itself would have been selected over many more sheltered places because of the bountiful food supply. To this day it is a favourite hunting ground for the Eskimo.

Shelter would have been the first consideration. I saw evidence that some sort of tent had been used. Their next step would have been to build two substantial structures—which in themselves were only temporary quarters during the construction of the great longhouse.

Each of the two small buildings was 46 feet long, and had the shape of the big longhouses. I completely excavated one; the other remained untouched. Inside the low wall ridges, stone partitions separated the rounded ends from a central room. Down the middle of this room was an unusual double row of 18 fire pits. Two of these pits might better be described as stone boxes sunk into the earthen floor. Why so many fireplaces? My suggestion is that there were too many people crowded indoors for them all to gather around one central fire.

How long it took the Norse to build their permanent home is anyone's guess, but it was not done in a day. In a spot sheltered from the east and west winds they began digging. Where the ground was humped up they moved a considerable quantity of the stony soil; other rough sections required fill. Then 1,000-pound boulders and tons of lesser stones had to be gathered from the surroundings for the walls and partitions. When these stood about four feet high, more fill was banked up against the outer walls. This much I reconstructed.

Next, dozens of 25-foot-long rafters had to be butted on the ground outside and joined together along a ridgepole, much as at Trelleborg in Denmark. From the rounded ends of the building, thin poles were leaned into the gables in tipi-fashion. Hundreds of caribou hides would have gone into the great roof.

Finally the Norse moved into their communal home. The north room was their sleeping quarters; the south, probably a storage area. They had what I have called a great hall, and another large room that may have been a cooking area. Outside, they dug and covered over eleven food storage pits (the Arctic was their refrigerator), a number consistent with their cooking fires indoors. It is reasonable to suppose that eleven families occupied the house—but only for a short time.

A surprising fact then emerged from the excavation; all in the same season these Norsemen suddenly abandoned the house erected with such immense effort, and went away, never to return.

How could I possibly know such things? A thousand years have passed, the stone walls had tumbled down long before I arrived, and the ground had grown over with the matted lichens of the tundra.

Alongside the foundation stones buried in the earth were post moulds—dark impressions in the soil representing the butt ends of the poles and posts that were rafters and supports. Commonly these were four to six inches in diameter. The builders, then, had access to trees—but there are none on Pamiok Island.

Pamiok Island is actually well up the coast of Ungava Bay, 150 miles beyond the treeline. The ocean currents bring no driftwood to these shores. The rafters had to have been cut in the south, somewhere near Fort Chimo, and had been carried back to the site in one or more shiploads. Could the forests have extended farther north than they do now? No, for if they had, the Norse and native peoples both would have been burning firewood for warmth; yet the fire pits are virtually bare of charcoal. Thus, too, we learn that an alternative fuel—seal oil—was used in the longhouse.

The question of occupancy was settled by my systematic search for evidence peculiar to the Norse. In contrast to the nomadic Dorset people native to the region, the Norse, by custom, kept their houses clear of refuse, carrying broken or useless objects and bones to a trash heap well away from the building. After all these centuries, I found this refuse pile—but it contained the bones of only four seals and a walrus. Yes, this great house was abandoned, left empty just a short time after the people had moved into it. Why?

We might never have known the answer but for the Saga of Arrow Odd, which has been preserved through the centuries in libraries. This legend, recorded on parchment perhaps a hundred years after the events, tells of the outlaw 'kingdom' established by a man named Ogmund, somewhere in the west. The enemies of Ogmund, led by Arrow Odd, sought him out to kill him. The record of their passage westward, past Greenland and Helluland, is followed by a marvellous account of a coast line that is without parallel except on the Ungava shore. Arrow Odd eventually came to a strongly fortified place a short distance from his landing site. Thus, the collapse of the Ungava colony becomes understandable at last, with the violent death of its founder.

This was not the end, however, of the story of the great

longhouse. The archaeological evidence showed me that the native Dorset people eventually came and took shelter in the cavernous structure. Their stay was brief, for they left only a few of their distinctive stone tools in the ruin. These people were few and, unlike the Norse, they could afford to be careless with space, even blocking off a large part of one of the smaller longhouses with many poles planted upright to support the sagging roof. From some part of the building that was useless to them, they took wood for a fire, thereby providing us with charcoal sufficient for a single radio-carbon date: A.D. 1050. The decay that surrounded the Dorset occupation itself suggested an interval of several years between the two occupations. Nevertheless, the belated presence of the Dorset has been seized upon by critics anxious to have another explanation.

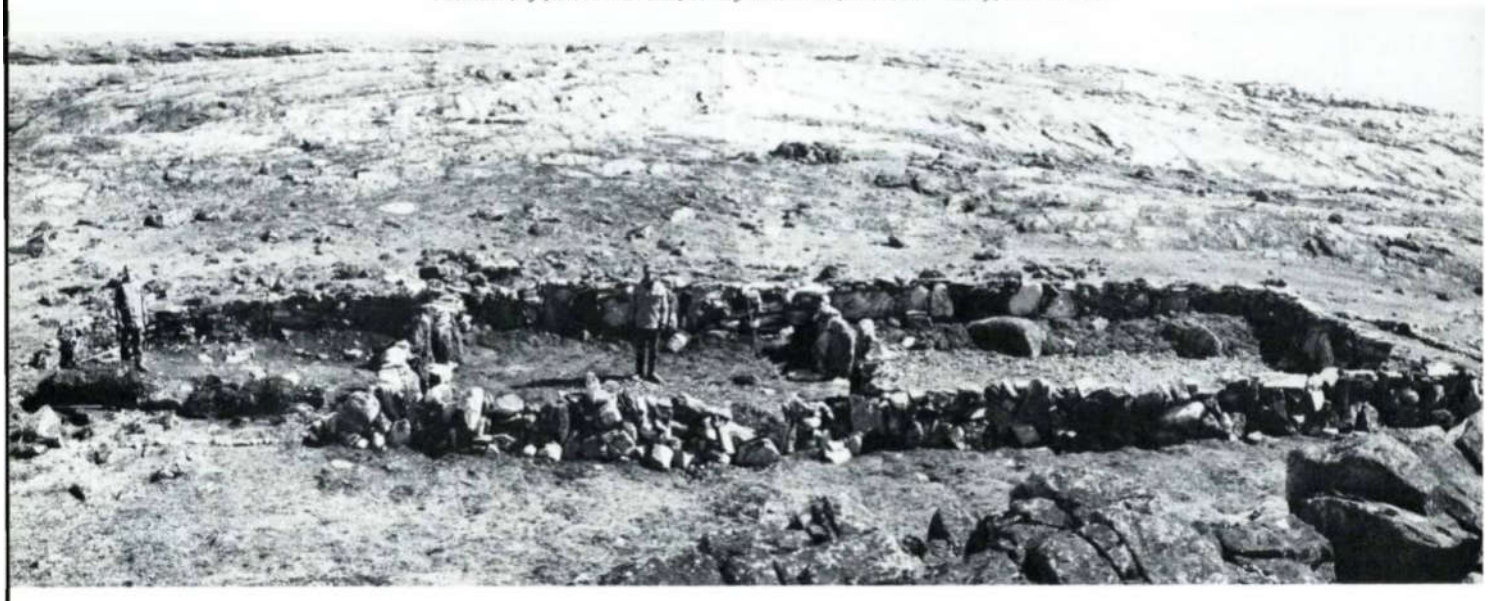
There has been bitter opposition to the idea of a Norse presence in Ungava, making it ever more difficult for me to carry on my work. The granting agencies, which would ordinarily enable me to hire crews and feed them, have listened readily to every kind of criticism. Curiously, however, those who argue that the Ungava evidence was left by the Dorset still go to great lengths to account for the Norse character of the ruins. Thus, some are suggesting that the Greenlanders did come—but only to teach the native Dorset people how to construct longhouses. Others would bring the Dorset directly from Greenland to do the building, instead of the Norse. This theory was reported by Jean Lengellé, after visiting the Diana Island archaeological project run by Ian Badgley and Patrick Plumet, in his article, 'The Ancient Dwellings of Arctic Quebec' published in the Spring 1982 issue of *The Beaver*.

To me, such proposals are not acceptable, for they ignore everything I have found but this pitiful handful of Dorset material. In Canada, we must note, the big beacons, the longhouses, and the eider-duck shelters are restricted to a hundred-mile stretch of the Ungava shore—a Norse colony. Indeed, these are all features familiar in acknowledged Norse regions, but alien to our Eskimo and Dorset cultures. Forgotten, in these ill-founded arguments, is the European skull I first found, along with a broken Norse iron axe-head that was dug up on Pamiok. My promptly published book-length reports have gone unread, or so it seems.

My work, now, is clearly at an end. Will any other take up where I leave off? Some may look to Ian Badgley and others will turn to my former assistant Patrick Plumet. His Diana Island project (which I am certain also uncovered Norse material) was completed years ago. Three big, Norse-style beacons crown the hill overlooking the southern end of the island; below are two small longhouses, one of which, at least, he concedes is identical with the Pamiok Island ruins. But it is reported that Plumet prefers to wait when asked his opinion. What for?

It is no secret that I am old and ill and unlikely to enter the field again. At times I am deeply discouraged by the ease with which unsupported doubts have been used to delay full acceptance of my discoveries. Is my work to fade into oblivion like the Norse outpost itself? I must say I never dreamed it possible in those remote and glorious days on Ungava Bay, when I thrilled to lay my hand on the ancient ruins, the discarded tools, the very bones of our earliest European colonists—the Norse.◆

A view of the partially reconstructed Pamiok Island longhouse shows how the interior was divided into a large rectangular great hall and kitchen. The half-excavated room on the left was probably for sleeping, and that on the right, a storage space. Men are (left) Robert E. Lee, son of the author, and John Mordy, an assistant.



Lewis Parker
Painting Canada's Past

By A. J. B. Johnston

The author is a Parks Canada historian at the Fortress of Louisbourg, and author of 'The Summer of 1744: A Portrait of Life in 18th-Century Louisbourg'.

Lewis Parker applies finishing touches to 'View from a Warship', one of two large paintings depicting maritime activities in eighteenth-century Louisbourg.

'BUT WHY THE PAST? Why specialize in historical paintings?' Lewis Parker looks up. His brush, its tip the colour of the gold trim on the soldiers' hats that he's working on, hovers a few inches from the canvas. Puzzled, seeming to think the answer obvious, the artist shrugs, 'It's my country'.

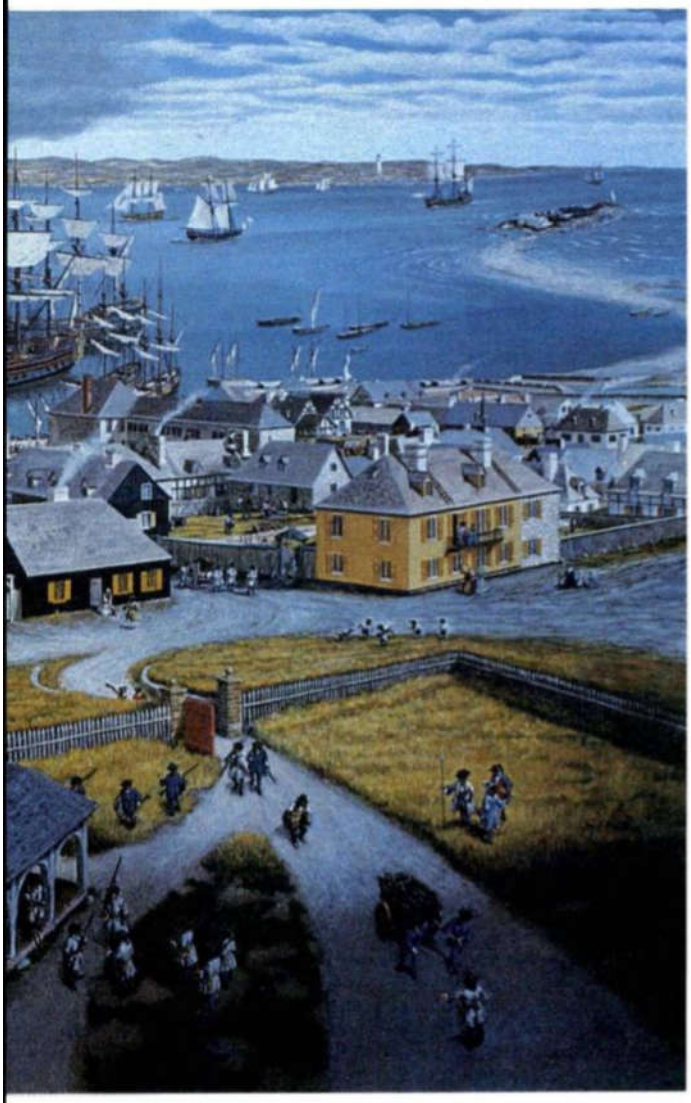
Lewis Parker is today one of Canada's foremost painters of historical scenes. His work, though not always his name, is known across the country. His paintings hang in the National Museum of Man, Fortress of Louisbourg, Sainte-Marie-among-the-Hurons, Fort Beauséjour, and many other museums and historic parks. Now at the peak of his abilities Parker is embarking on a four-year, twelve-painting history of Cape Breton, a commission from Sydney's University College of Cape Breton.

It is of course not surprising that Parker mentions the late C.W. Jefferys (1869-1951), the renowned English-born painter and illustrator of Canada's early days. He is often called Jefferys' successor and it is a comparison that pleases him; Jefferys was a hero during his youth. But there are differences between the two men's approaches. Jefferys did hundreds of detailed drawings of objects from the past; Parker prefers to work such details into larger scenes that tell a story. Jefferys' paintings often depicted dramatic moments in history; Parker focuses more on the quiet dramas and routine activities of everyday life in bygone times. It makes for peaceful rather than heroic paintings—but ones which tell complex and interconnected stories. Those stories are rendered visually, depicting past cultures: Indian, Inuit, British or French, alive and in action.

Parker was born in Toronto in 1926 and enrolled in a standard art course at the Central Technical School in Toronto at age 13. Three years later, eager to develop his skills he went to work as a junior apprentice for a Toronto art house, Rabjohn Illustrators. The pay was three dollars a week but the job gave young Parker a chance to watch, listen to, and sometimes talk to such artists as Jack Bush, Ron Wilson, and Adrian Dingle. Of all the people Parker met at Rabjohn's the one who most influenced him was Bert Grassick, a staff illustrator who also did political cartoons for *Maclean's* and the Toronto *Telegram*.

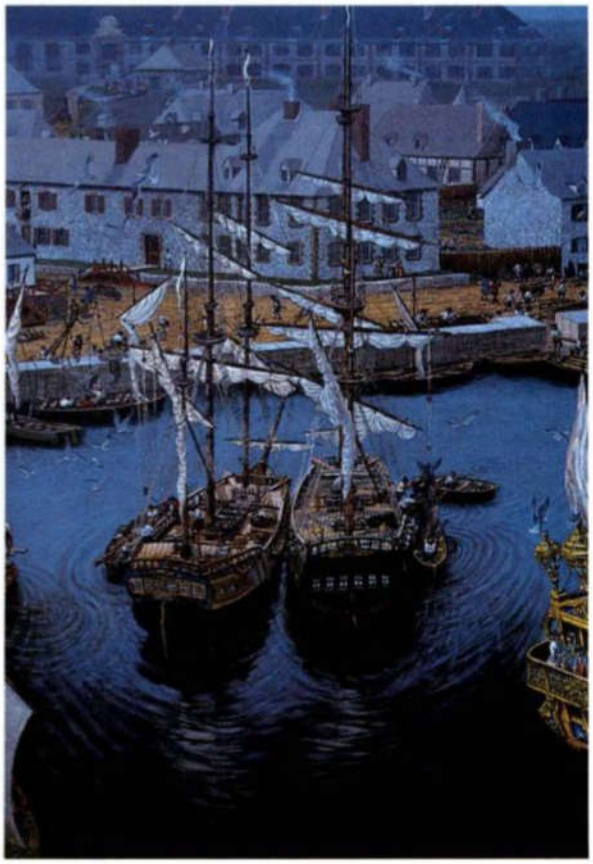
All Louisbourg photographs by Art Fennell.

'View from a Warship'. The basic composition, half water and half land, underscores the historical point about the interdependence of harbour and shore activities at Louisbourg.

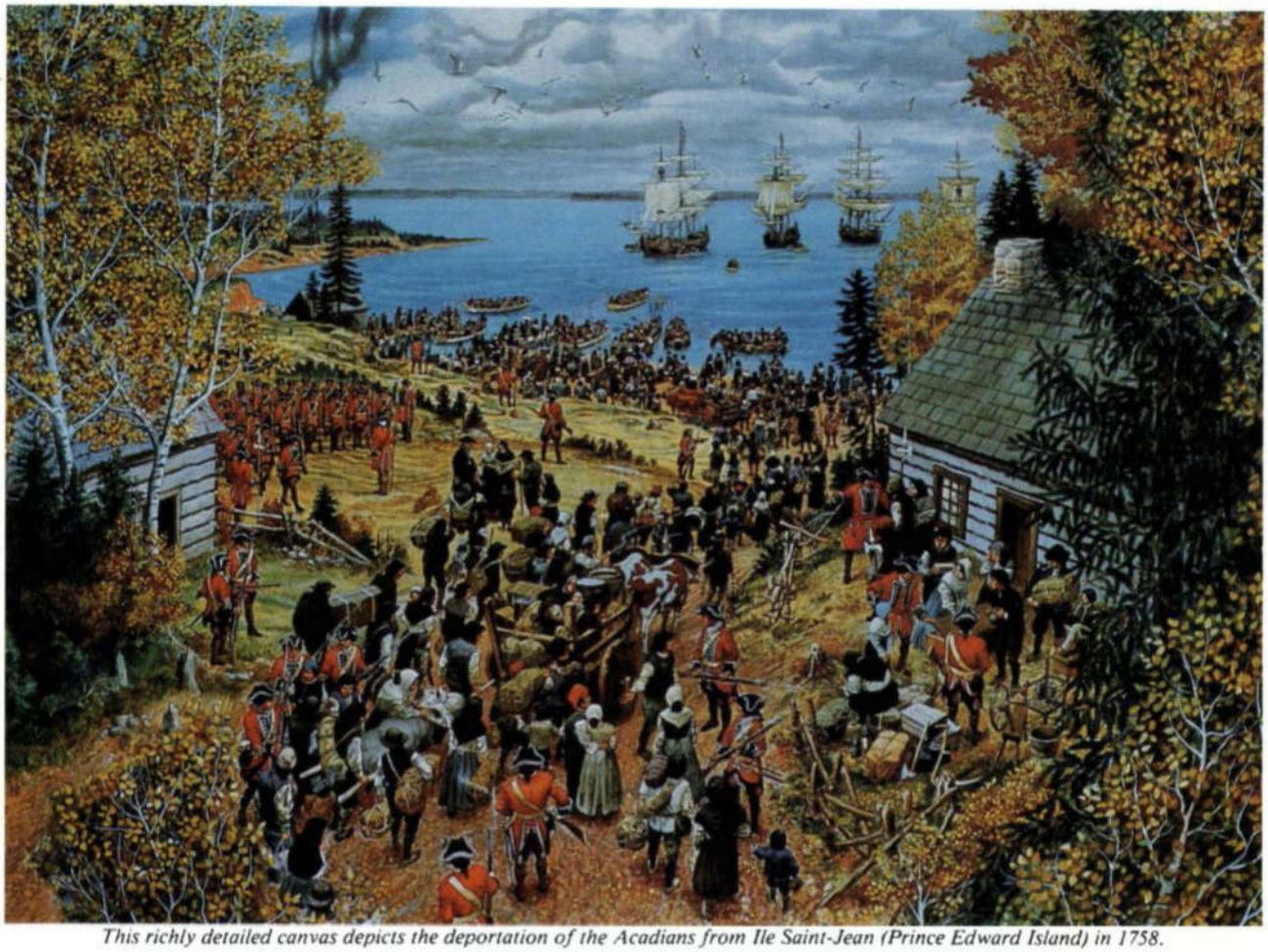


'View from the Clock Tower'. Using a basic V-shaped composition, where the chimneys, lines of palisades and harbour sweep toward the centre of the canvas, Parker has recreated Louisbourg as the busy harbour it once was.

Depicting the many vessels shown in the two paintings was the most time-consuming aspect of the Louisbourg project.

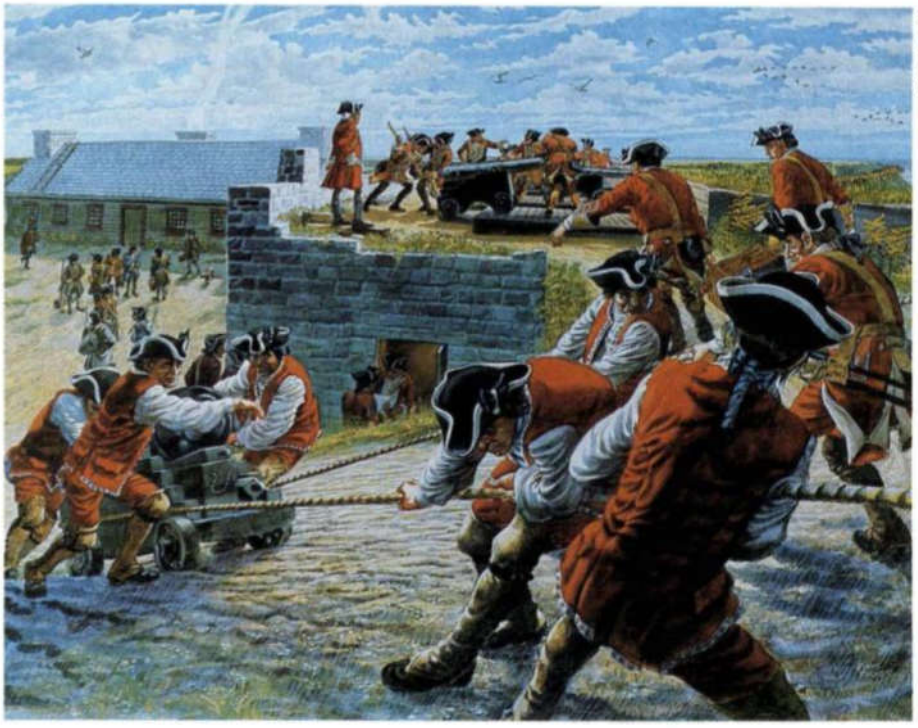


This vignette from 'View from a Warship' reveals the attention to detail that Lewis Parker puts into his work.



Glen Lengille

This richly detailed canvas depicts the deportation of the Acadians from Ile Saint-Jean (Prince Edward Island) in 1758.



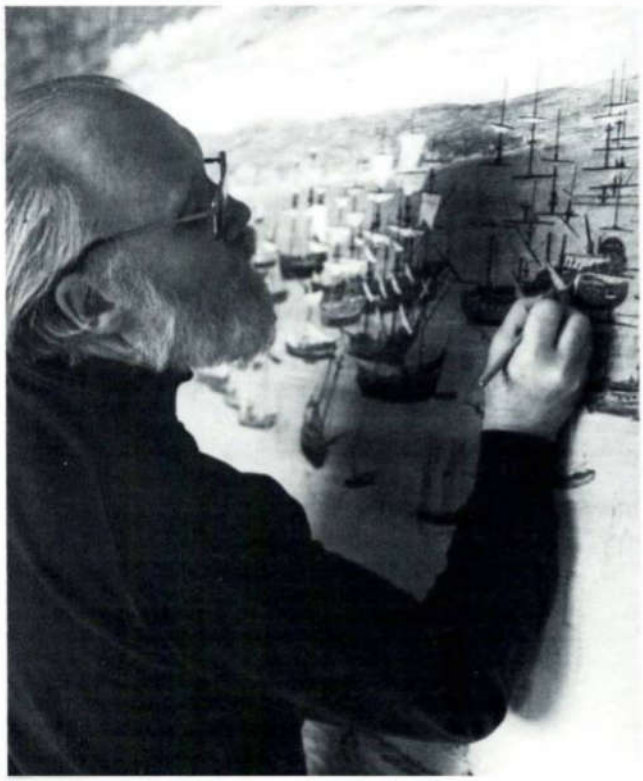
Glen Lengille

One of seven paintings which Parks Canada commissioned Parker to do on the history of Fort Beausejour. The scene is autumn, 1757, two years after the fort was captured by the British and renamed Fort Cumberland. The focus is on the concern to be prepared in the event of a French attack.

Parker spent two years as an apprentice illustrator. Then overnight he and a friend decided to enlist for the fighting in World War II. First he was off to Debert, then overseas in 1944, eventually to serve with the Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Regiment. Soon after the 19-year-old reached Europe the war ended. Parker stayed overseas for a year with the army of occupation, and was able to put his drawing ability to work. He started out as an all-purpose illustrator on the regimental newspaper but quickly graduated to *The Maple Leaf,* the paper for all of Canada's troops in Europe.

Back to Canada in 1946 Parker returned to his old job as an apprentice illustrator with Rabjohn Illustrators, but soon made plans with a friend Gord Laws, and later Bill Sherman, to form their own Toronto-based commercial art company. The partnership lasted a decade, but during it young Lewis Parker was finding himself increasingly fascinated by past cultures. The most important stimulus occurred during a three-month trip to New Mexico in 1947. There, Parker was amazed by the freshness and vitality of the designs of the Taos Indians. The experience stirred in him a profound curiosity about his own ancestry. He had been told that his paternal grandmother had been a Nova Scotia Micmac, but that fact previously meant little to him. Seeing the artistry of the Indians, however, awakened a deep longing to know more about his own ancestry and about North American native cultures in general.

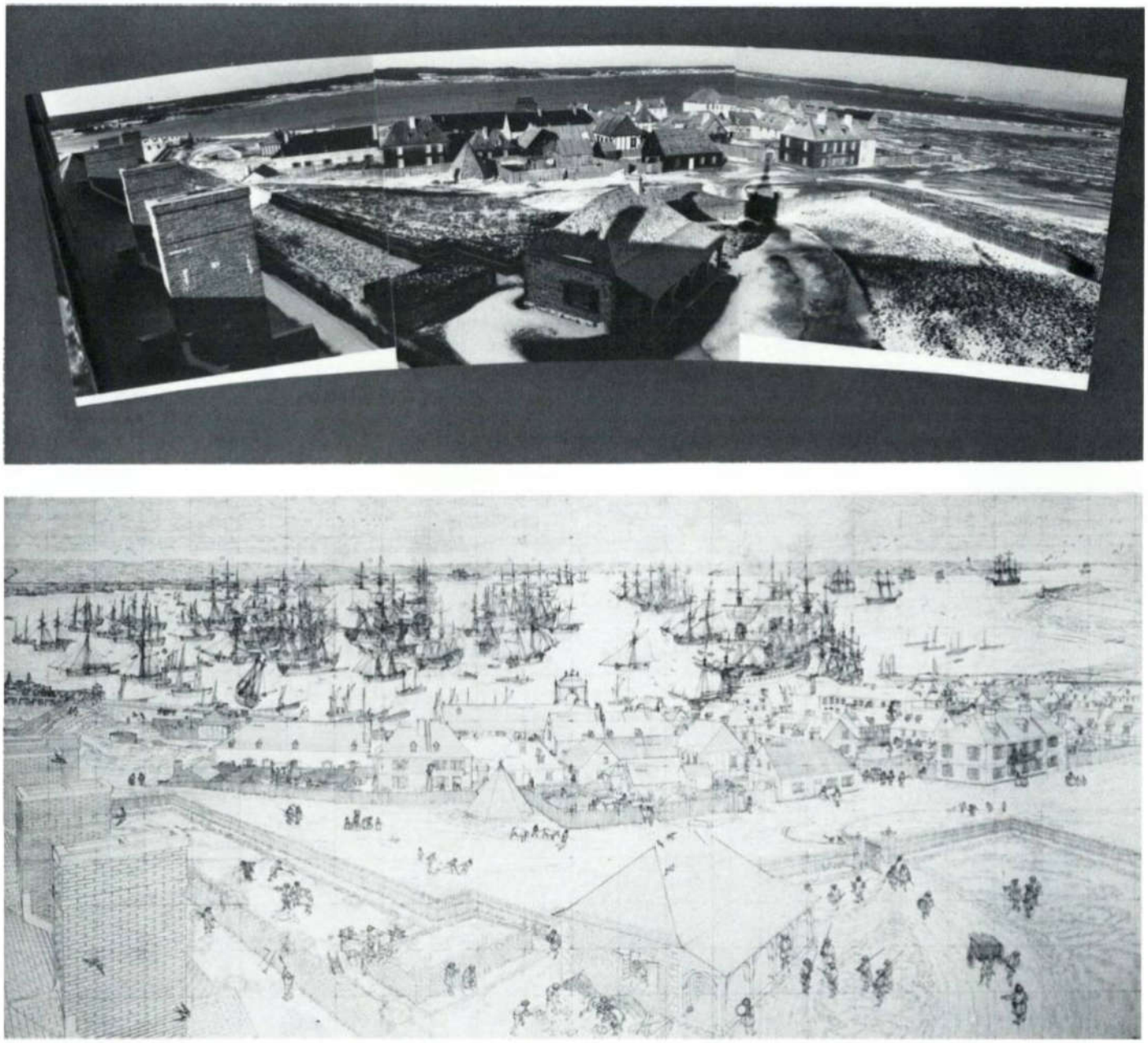
Professionally, there was almost no market for paintings or illustrations of scenes depicting native peoples during the late 1940s and 1950s. Parker maintained his interest, but was forced to put most of his energy into other illustrative work for several Toronto newspapers and *Maclean's* and *Chatelaine* magazines. Parker's favourite assignments during these years, and likely the ones in which he did his best work, were those with historical themes. His agent in New York recognized Parker's preferences and directed more and more historical work his way. Combined with his years of cartooning, which taught him to look at human actions from every possible angle, these assignments gave Lewis Parker the foundation from which his historical paintings would later arise.



Parker transfers the completed linear drawing from 'View from the Clock Tower' to canvas, July 1981.

During the mid-1960s Parker was awarded two Canada Council grants to further his research and drawing of native peoples. In 1966 he moved to Mexico with his wife Eleanor and their four children to study the Mayans and Aztecs; two years later he travelled with artist Eugene Aliman to Western Canada to study the Plains Indians. The trips were both personally and professionally satisfying and confirmed his desire to depict Canada's past. Parker's skills and sensitivity in depicting native people soon attracted the attention of the Huronia Council in Ontario, who wanted an artist to do historical paintings for their Sainte-Marie-among-the-Hurons site. Parker was awarded a commission to do four illustrations; yet he became so enthusiastic about the Huron project that he enlisted the help of friend and painting partner Gerald Lazare and together they executed 36 illustrations. All were (and are) used in an audio-visual presentation, although only the original four plus six more were paid for. Retaining ownership of them all, Lazare and Parker are still looking for a buyer for the series.

Though the Sainte-Marie-among-the Hurons assignment had not been financially rewarding, it did not dampen the enthusiasm Lazare and Parker felt for historical paintings. Their next major commission was with the National Film Board for a series of paintings on the Inuit hunt of the Beluga whale and the Plains 'Buffalo Jump', illustrations which were used as the basis for films. They teamed up again in 1972 to work for the National Museum of Man in Ottawa, on a project that challenged their abilities as no other had before. First there was the subject to be depicted: the history of mankind from Australopithecus to current times. Second, the tableaux showing this transition were to be painted inside three domes of the museum building, each one of which had a double curve and measured 16 feet by 75 feet. Preparation for the paintings took a full year as Parker and Lazare worked with the research specialists of the museum. The final painting took eight months, with Parker and Lazare doing one each, and teaming up to complete the third. Now with the National Museum of Man about to move into new quarters in Ottawa the future of the painted domes is in doubt.



A comparison of the physical landform at Louisbourg with Parker's final sketch for 'View from the Clock Tower'.

For partner Gerry Lazare the Museum of Man project spelled the end of his work as a historical illustrator, but Lewis Parker had come to enjoy the experience of working with research specialists (anthropologists, biologists and historians), and arriving at a common agreement on what the past had been like. Rather than resent the suggestions and criticisms of experts, Parker relished them and sought them out. He strives for accuracy, be it a costume detail or behavioural pattern, so that the historical content of the final painting is as close as possible to the truth.

From 1975 to 1982 Lewis Parker spent much of his time working on east coast historical topics, on a series of projects with Parks Canada.

The work began with an assignment to do a large and detailed painting of the expulsion of the Acadians from Ile Saint-Jean (Prince Edward Island), which was featured in a subsequent film produced for Fort Amherst, near Charlottetown. The illustration was very well received and Parks Canada soon commissioned Parker to do more work: one painting on the construction of the Acadian dikes near Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, and seven on the history of Fort Beauséjour. At Beauséjour, a fort that has been left as ruins for two centuries, photographic reproductions of Parker's canvases have been placed at select locations on the grounds of the fort that duplicate the vantage points in the paintings.

Aware of what Parker had achieved elsewhere and with its own interpretive needs, the Fortress of Louisbourg contracted the artist to do two large paintings (10'6" x 5'6") set in mid-August 1744 that would concentrate on the maritime side of life in eighteenth-century Louisbourg. In its heyday Louisbourg was one of the busiest ports in North America, ranking only behind the major American cities in ship arrivals. Yet visitors to the fortress found that historical truth practically impossible to grasp, given the empty modern harbour. The solution to the interpretive problem was thought to be paintings by Lewis Parker.

When Parker arrived in Louisbourg, where he would live for eleven months in 1981 and three months in 1982, he was given the general assignment: one painting to offer a panoramic view of the entire harbour and the other, from the opposite direction, to focus on activities of the inner harbour and along the quay. The particular vantage points and basic compositions were left to Parker to work out. Weeks of sketching, taking photographs, trying a variety of approaches followed, until at last he had two concepts that both worked aesthetically and met the park's needs. In arriving at the final compositions Parker used his artistic licence to its maximum. For 'View from the Clock Tower', to cite the most drastic alterations, he raised the horizon line the equivalent of 500 feet and foreshortened the topography of the far shore another 1,000 feet. Despite the magnitude of the distortions, they were so well executed that few of the fortress staff even noticed them until they were pointed out.

On a typical project Lewis Parker estimates he spends 70 per cent of his time on research and preliminary drawings, 30 per cent on painting. So it was at Louisbourg, where the fortress's professionals provided him with the information he needed on the activities, architecture and costumes of the town. Much of this material was already available, having been researched during the past 20 years of the reconstruction project. But there remained some significant gaps. The most noteworthy of these were the designs for the 80 vessels in the harbour and for the dozen or so buildings that had to be depicted but had not been reconstructed. On these particular questions marine expert Alex Storm and restoration architect Yvon LeBlanc, both park staffers, provided invaluable assistance. For their help, and that of all the other people who worked on the project, Parker was extremely appreciative. By the end of his first stay in Louisbourg he seriously maintained that the paintings had been 'mutually created' by all involved. It was a typically gracious remark, but nonetheless an exaggeration. Admittedly, Parker had incorporated many suggestions put forth by the Louisbourg experts and removed other elements they felt to be inaccurate in some detail. Yet the final achievement was definitely his alone. It was Parker who transformed the mass of historical and architectural information into a workable whole, who 'choreographed' the people on the canvases into believable social units and who infused the paintings with their touches of nature's hand. This last aspect preoccupied Parker during the final eight weeks on the project as he devoted himself to painting sky and water, grass and stone, capturing the play of light and hinting at the power of the elements. In the end his attention to such details turned the paintings into distinctive works of art in addition to their value as canvases depicting historical scenes.

A trademark of Parker's historical canvases has been his inclusion in most compositions of children: at play, at work, on their best behaviour, or at their worst. Other historical artists usually focus on the adult world of the societies they depict, but Parker feels that he just can't leave children out. He has kids fishing for fun along the quay, mimicking their elders, annoying a drummer, being disciplined by a priest, helping out with chores, at carefree play and under the watchful vigilance of a nun. Each little vignette suggests a story and provides a sharp contrast with the constricted world of the adults.

When Lewis Parker was in the final days of his stay at Louisbourg he was asked how he rated the two canvases he was completing. He responded that they might be the best work he's done to date. 'They've got everything—ships, houses, people, activities—there's everything involved in it and everything is exact.' That longing to get it right, and the profound satisfaction when he does, seem to explain better than anything else why Lewis Parker loves to paint Canada's past. ◆

Bottlenose Whaling in the Arctic

Part I: The Scots

By Randall R. Reeves

IN SPRING 1882, the famous Scottish whaler *Eclipse* failed to find a whelping patch of harp seals ('saddlebacks') near Jan Mayen in the Greenland Sea. She did have an unusual piece of luck in locating some hooded seals ('bladdernoses') which had just given birth, and 300 precious 'blueback' pelts (from hooded seal pups) were a welcome addition to the ship's hold. Now Captain David Gray, one of Peterhead's ablest seamen of the period, gave the order to begin the serious pursuit of bottlenose whales.

The *Eclipse* patrolled the ice edge southwest of Jan Mayen for all of May and June. By the end of June, the ship's tanks were filled with blubber. All the coal in excess of what was needed for the return voyage to Peterhead had been tossed overboard, and even the bread supply had been transferred from its tank to a temporary locker to make room for more blubber. Of some 338 shots fired at bottlenose whales, 224 had been on target. Twenty-one whales escaped when the harpoon drew or the line parted, but the rest were landed, and the *Eclipse* returned home with 232 tons of bottlenose oil, which sold for £12,700. The happy immunity from hunting long enjoyed by the frolicsome pods of bottlenose whales had expired, and a century of exploitation was under way.

The arctic whale fishery had always been organized around the capture of bowhead whales—oil-rich giants that carry an enormous mouthful of baleen, or whalebone. The bowhead had no peer in the eyes of the Scottish whalemen. By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the Greenland fishing (off East Greenland and Spitsbergen) and the Davis Strait fishing (including Baffin Bay and Lancaster Sound) had declined due to depletion of the bowhead stocks. Consequently, interest in 'lesser' game, such as polar bears, walruses, seals, narwhals, and white whales (belugas), increased. The whalers diversified, seeking new ways to avoid a 'clean' voyage—a return to port with empty holds.

Marine biologist Randall Reeves is with the Arctic Biological Station, Ste-Anne de Bellevue, P.Q. His particular interest is the history of whaling; he is co-author, with Stephen Leatherwood, of the 'The Sierra Club Handbook of Whales and Dolphins'.

It had long been a common practice among the Scottish whalers to stop at the sealing grounds near Jan Mayen on their way north in search of bowheads. Once the Davis Strait fishery was developed, it made stopover sealing off Newfoundland an attractive possibility. This activity became almost routine after the introduction of steam power to the arctic fishery in the late 1850s. The usual route to either Greenland or Davis Strait took the fleet close by the Shetland Islands in February or March. In logbooks and journals, reference is frequently made to sightings of 'bottleys' or 'Chaney Johns' soon after a whaler cleared the Shetlands. The incidence of sightings could be expected to increase as the vessel came within a day's sail of the ice edge. Despite their familiarity with the bottlenose whale, whalers and sealers accorded it little more than passing notice until the 1880s. It is remarkable that William Scoresby, Jr., an authority on the British arctic fishery prior to 1820, did not even mention the bottlenose whale in his two-volume classic, *An Account of the Arctic Regions with a History and Description of the Northern Whale-Fishery.*

More than anything, the bottlenose's antics amused the sailors, who were puzzled, and perhaps somewhat flattered, by its habit of approaching vessels. As Robert Gray, David Gray's son and a mate aboard the *Eclipse,* put it:

> When the sound of a ship's propeller reached a herd of Bottle-noses, the animals . . . instead of becoming alarmed and making off in the opposite direction, at once started towards the place whence the sound came, bent apparently on ascertaining the cause of the unusual disturbance. Great was their haste and excitement on these occasions; their 'blasts' or breath rose higher into the air than usual. The water broke white in front of their advancing heads, and, at times, their tails were brought down on the surface with loud smacks. Arrived at the ship, which being a whaler had in the meantime stopped, the excited whales circled round and round it, and under it, until their curiosity was satisfied. After this, if not already fired at, they sometimes lay resting and breathing at the surface, quite near, as if the ship was a big and friendly brother.

'Flenching bottle-nose whales aboard "Eclipse".' Photographs from 'The Arctic Whalers' by Basil Lubbock, published 1937.

Captain David Gray and his son and Chief Mate, Dr Robert Gray.

Two factors probably prevented the European whalers from hunting the abundant and approachable bottlenose whale on a significant scale prior to the 1880s. One was the questionable marketability of its products. The other was the difficulty of effecting its capture.

The oil and baleen acquired from bowheads were of such value that until these whales became scarce there was relatively little incentive to hunt for any other arctic cetacean, and the skins of seals and walruses (as well as the latter's ivory tusks) were always in great demand. Most shipowners needed no convincing of the wisdom of investing in an arctic cruise that promised to bring back a cargo of whale and seal oil, whalebone, sealskins, and a few hundred pounds of ivory. But what, they might have asked, could a bottlenose whale possibly be good for?

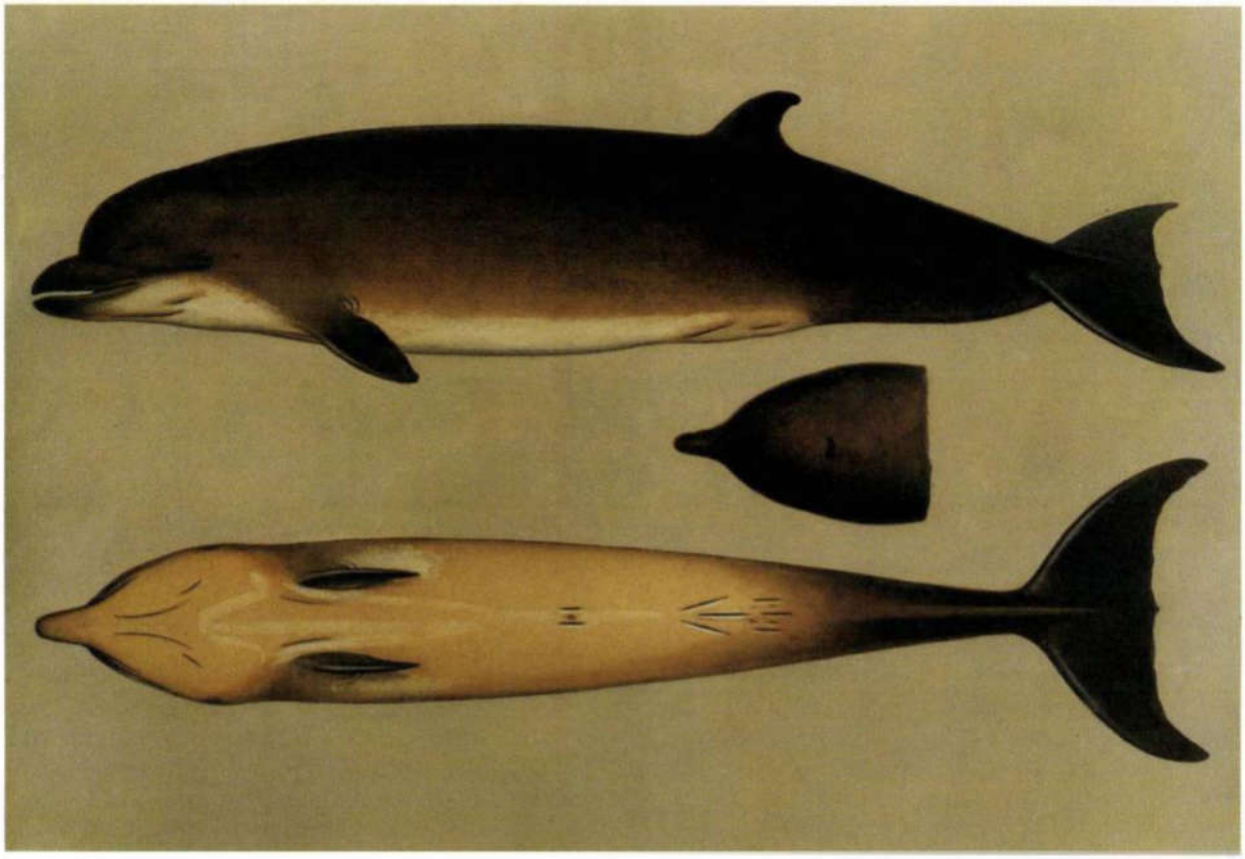
It was Captain David Gray who finally undertook to answer this question. Having found bottlenose whales to be plentiful on the whaling and sealing grounds between Iceland and Spitsbergen, he captured a few specimens in 1881 and brought their oil back to Scotland for analysis. The chemist's report confirmed what a few of the whalers had been saying—that there was very little difference between bottlenose whale oil and sperm whale oil. Both consist primarily of waxes, with a specific gravity much lower than that of baleen whale oil and other marine mammal oils. Sperm oil has only the slightest tendency to 'gum', and its viscosity decreases very little with increased temperature. Although bottlenose oil gums more quickly than sperm oil, both are extremely valuable as industrial lubricants.

Not only is the blubber oil from the two species almost identical, but the sperm whale and the bottlenose whale yield an appreciable amount of spermaceti oil, extracted mainly from the melon, or forehead of the whale. When refined, spermaceti is a white, lustrous, translucent crystalline substance, with no taste or odour. It is so brittle that it can be rubbed into a powder with the fingers. Its main use is in the manufacture of candles and cosmetics, particularly the 'cold cream' widely used for makeup removal and to moisturize ladies' skin.

Two tons of train oil and two hundredweight of spermaceti could be extracted from a full-grown male bottlenose, which is 30 feet long and 20 feet in girth. Up to four tons of oil could sometimes be squeezed from the carcass of an old bull, particularly if the bones of the head were boiled in addition to all the body blubber. After removal of the head and blubber, the meat, skeleton, and viscera were allowed to sink, becoming food for Greenland sharks and other marine scavengers.

Gray's discovery was a watershed, after which entrepreneurial reluctance to sponsor voyages for bottlenose whales diminished. Particularly as the South Seas sperm-whale fishery was by this time considered to be on the decline, there was now a positive economic incentive to hunt bottlenose whales. There remained, however, the problem of catching them. David Gray regarded bottlenose whales as a challenging quarry:

> They have great endurance, and are very difficult to kill, seldom taking out less than from three to four hundred fathoms of line; and strong full-grown males will run out seven hundred fathoms, remaining under water for the long period of two hours, coming to the surface again as fresh as if they had never been away; and if they are relieved of the weight by the lines being



Two extraordinary oil paintings by M.A. Koekkoek of young male northern bottlenose whales. The brownish individual was captured off Texel, The Netherlands, in 1927.

hauled in off them before they receive a second harpoon and a well-placed lance or two, it often takes hours to kill them. They never die without a hard struggle, lashing the sea white about them, leaping out of the water, striking the boats with their tails, running against them with their heads and sometimes staving the planks in, frequently towing two heavy whaleboats about after them with great rapidity.

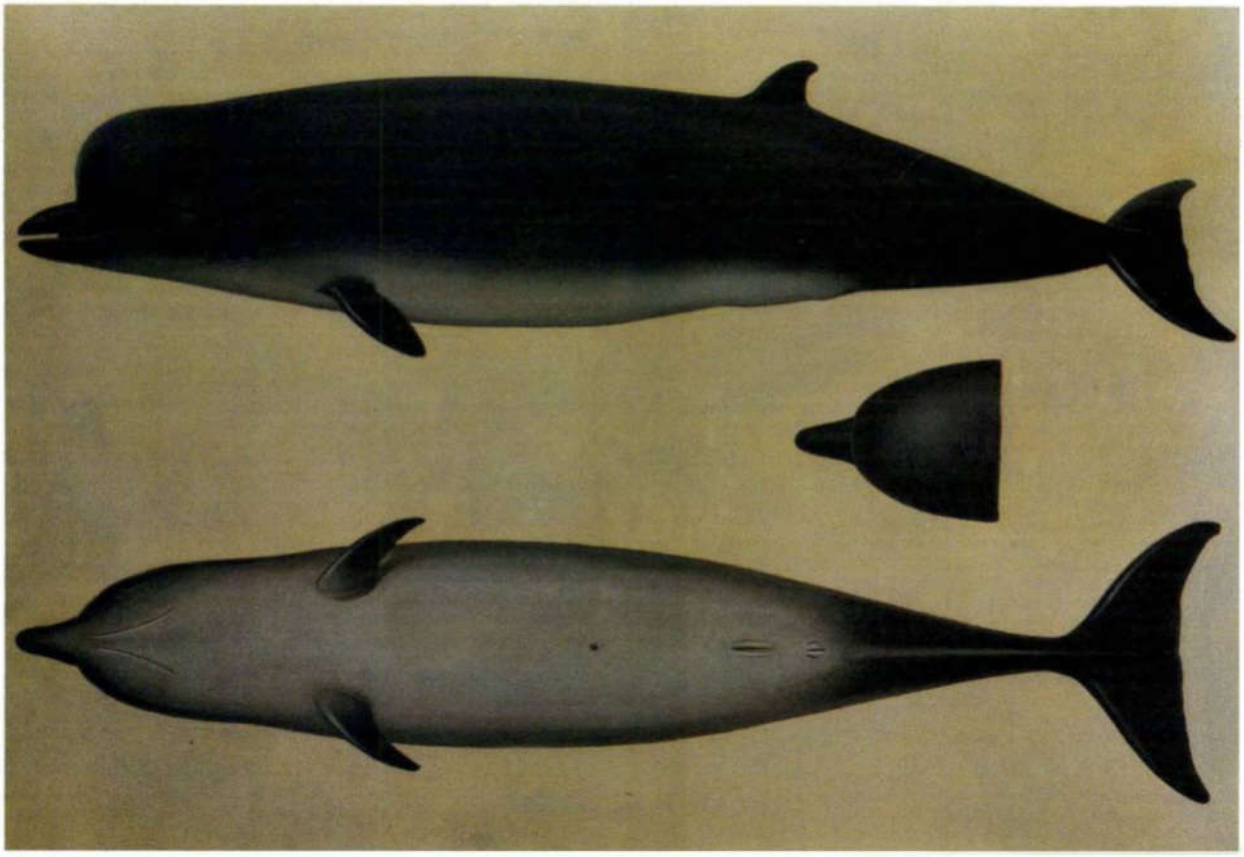
Their vigorous resistance to capture made bottlenoses unpopular with some crew members. A 'foc'sle hand' named Redgrave was aboard the *Eclipse* in 1894 when she was whaling in Davis Strait under Captain Milne (David Gray having retired after the 1891 season). In his journal, Redgrave noted that on 8 April the *Eclipse* was 'in the Sou'West—that is off the Labrador coast, gradually working up north looking after Bottlenoses.' Nearly three weeks passed before the first whale was captured. Redgrave then noted: 'They [bottlenose whales] are much more rapid in movements than the Black Whale [bowhead], very seldom still, and consequently want a lot of rowing and dodging after. We continued to fish for a day or two but only managed to get three and we were all very thankful we didn't stop longer.'

Bottlenose whaling was cold, miserable work. The long stretch of harpoon line run out by a struck whale often came back on board frozen stiff, making it almost impossible to handle. These whales were normally hunted in open water, in contrast to the bowheads which were often found in the midst of broken pack ice. As a result, unsettled weather hit the working crewmen with full force, there being no ice fields to moderate the sea state. Redgrave complained:

> On the last day [of bottlenosing] we had been off from 6 am till 1:30 just back twice to the ship for a mouthful and the weather had become rough. Some more fish were seen and the Boss asked if it was too rough; of course the men could not say no, so off we set again and when we got free of the ship found we could not pull against the wind, and had to [row] easy for nearly every other wave we met, else we should have filled her; this game was kept up for an hour or two and the ship had to come up to us.

Robert Gray considered bottlenosing 'a cold job for the men in the boats, especially when towing behind the ship when she was steaming to windward in search of more victims.'

Hunting bottlenose whales from the small, open



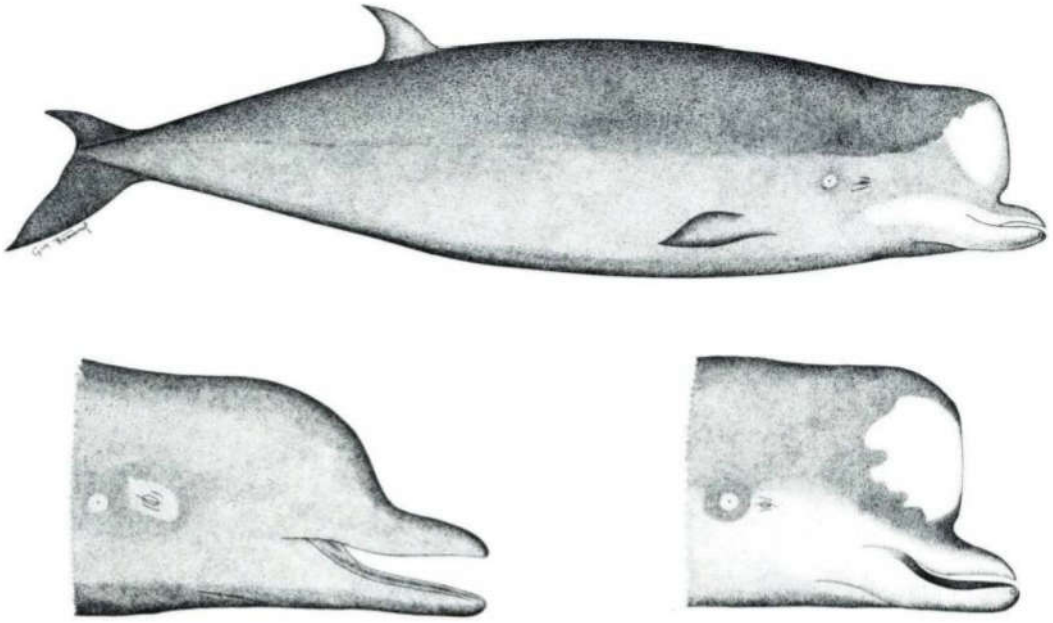
This bluish individual was stranded near Waarde, The Netherlands, in 1931.
Paintings published by permission of the Rijksmuseum van Natuurlijke Historie, Leiden, The Netherlands.

whaleboats used in the bowhead fishery was more than difficult and uncomfortable. It was also dangerous. David Lindsay was the surgeon aboard the *Aurora* during a Davis Strait cruise for seals, bottlenose whales, and bowheads in 1884. While the *Aurora's* crew chased bottlenoses in the whaleboats at the mouth of Frobisher Bay, Lindsay watched from a safe distance on the deck of the mother ship. He explained that 'the movement of the whales was so fast that they capsized boats frequently and only experienced oarsmen were wanted.' Lindsay was told that more men lost their lives in bottlenose whaling than in bowhead whaling.

A vivid account of the dangers associated with open-boat bottlenose whaling was given by Axel Ohlin, a Swedish zoologist who participated in a Norwegian bottlenose hunt in 1891. When a whale was harpooned, the harpooner immediately twisted the line round a 'puller', and a rower hoisted a flag indicating a 'fast fish'. Other boats were then expected to stand by in case of an accident. A struck bottlenose would often head straight for the bottom at such speed that smoke and fire issued from the puller and the rope, requiring one of the rowers to pour bucket after bucket of water on them. No matter how carefully the reserve line had been coiled and laid out on deck, there was always a good possibility of fouling. A knot in the line brought the cry 'Not clear!' from the steersman, and the harpooner promptly cut the line with an axe. 'By delaying but a few seconds boat and crew have been dragged down and disappeared forever.' There was also the ever-present danger of the line getting wound round a crew member and hurtling him overboard. The loss of a hand was not uncommon, and Ohlin knew of an instance in which an errant line 'literally beheaded' one of the crew.

Capsized vessels and whirring harpoon lines were not the only hazards of bottlenose whaling. What was perhaps the most celebrated tragedy in the brief history of Scottish bottlenosing had a singular cause: fog. The little *Chieftain* of Dundee, a sailing schooner, was on her first voyage as a bottlenose whaler in May 1884. Having fallen in with a school of whales on a fine afternoon, Captain Gellatley dispatched four boats to give chase. The hunt continued until early the next morning, when a dense fog bank closed in. The captain, whose own boat had already delivered a killed whale to the ship, set off in search of the other three. None of the boats was to find its way back to the *Chieftain,* although the second mate's boat, which had vainly struck out on its own to find the

Drawings by G. Ferrand



These copies of nineteenth-century lithographs published in 1893 by the Swedish naturalist Axel Ohlin, show the general features of an adult male northern bottlenose whale (upper), the head shape of an adult female (lower left), and the head shape of an adult male (lower right).

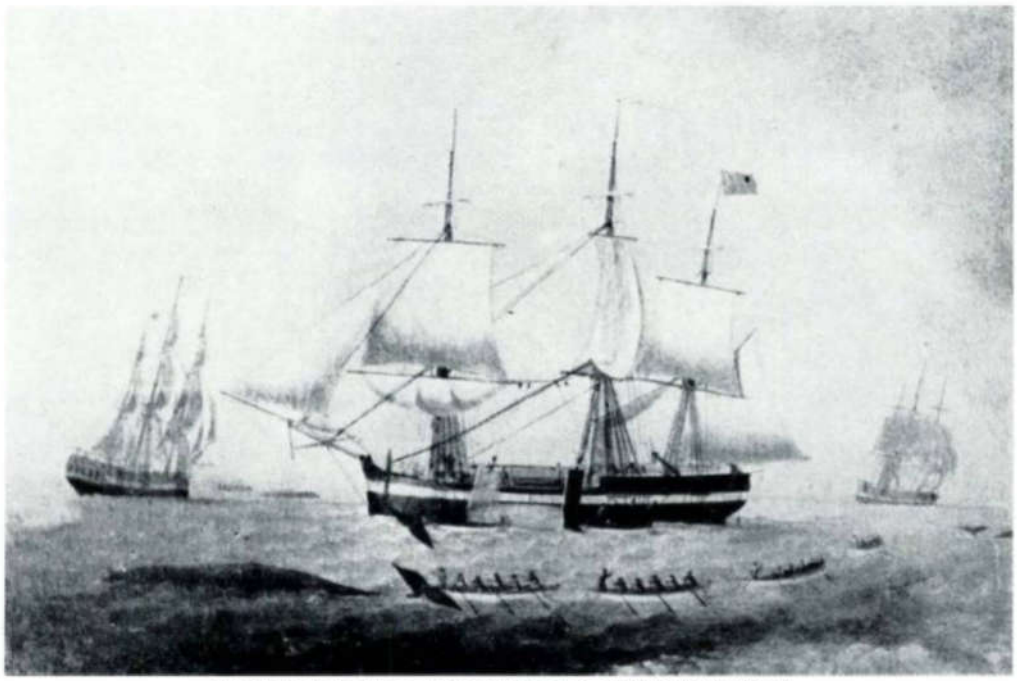
mother ship, was rescued by a Norwegian schooner and the crew transferred back onto the *Chieftain*. Two boats, including the captain's, ended up making a courageous 200-mile run for Iceland. The men alternately rowed and sailed, using makeshift gear; their food supply was quickly exhausted; gale force winds knocked several men overboard, causing one of them to drown. The second boat was eventually cast adrift, and both crews crowded into the captain's. Miraculously, the desperate men finally landed at Brimness, on the north coast of Iceland, seemingly hours before their last few ounces of energy and nerve would have run out. The fourth boat was less fortunate. After drifting on storm-tossed seas for 14 days, it was picked up by a shark fisher and conveyed to Iceland. By then, however, only one of its crew was still alive, and he needed to have both legs amputated upon landing.

Although the Scots were unquestionably the pioneers in bottlenose whaling, they never converted to it with the same zeal and commitment that came to characterize the Norwegian bottlenose fishery. Most Scottish whalers continued to operate as mere part-time bottlenosers, devoting themselves much more persistently to the hunting of seals, walruses, white whales, and the few bowheads that survived. David Lindsay's book *A Voyage to the Arctic in the Whaler 'Aurora'* is one of the best records of this interesting phase of the Scottish arctic fishery, in which the bottlenose played little more than an ancillary role. A few vessels, like the *Eclipse* and the ill-fated *Chieftain,* specialized in the combination of sealing and bottlenose whaling in some years. But most of the Scottish fleet were, like the *Aurora,* bowhead whalers first, and sealers and bottlenose whalers only secondarily.

The *Aurora's* crew of 65 were, according to Lindsay, 'a fine looking lot and the most respectable body of men one could find on any ship'. In contrast to the polyglot crews aboard the Yankee South Seas whalers, the Scottish arctic crews were homogeneous. There were 16 Shetlanders aboard the *Aurora,* but they measured up to Scottish standards, being 'quiet, sober, industrious'. Of the 65 crew members, six were assigned to the engine room, eight were harpooners, two were carpenters, and there was a cooper, a blacksmith, and a sailmaker. It should be noted that the Scottish steam whalers were fully fitted out, as their work on the bowhead grounds still had to be conducted under sail to avoid spooking the whales.

Upon her arrival in St John's, Newfoundland, on 25 February the *Aurora* was promptly converted to a sealer. The tidy whaleboats were put ashore and replaced by 'crude-looking punts', and the crew expanded to more than 300, as seasonal 'sweilers' (local sealers) were taken on to assist in the business of clubbing harp seal pups. Needless to say, conditions on board changed dramatically. Crowding was such that at times hungry men would simply tie a cord to a piece of seal liver and dangle it in a pot of tea on the galley stove until it was warm (or until 'the owner of the pot came for his tea').

A successful voyage meant that the ship's load of coal, and sometimes even the bunks brought on board for the sweilers, were thrown overboard to make room for pelts. The seal blubber was tossed into a sausage machine, then



The Hull whaler 'Aurora'. From 'The Arctic Whalers' by Lubbock.

steamed to remove the oil. The oil was sold as a machine lubricant and as a fuel for lighthouses; in later years much of it was consumed by Dundee's jute-fiber industry. The sealskins were tanned and made into harnesses, boots, and other leather goods.

The *Aurora* returned to St John's on 22 March and unloaded her catch. As there could be no passage north to the whaling before 1 May the captain decided to return for a second go at the seals. This time the *Aurora* cruised along the Labrador coast, shooting hooded seals and yearling harp seals. The total catch for both cruises was 28,150 seals.

After unloading her second cargo of seal oil and pelts, the *Aurora* left St John's once again as a whaler on 8 May. The plan was to head to the vicinity of Resolution Island, at the mouth of Hudson Strait, for a few days of bottlenose whaling before moving on to higher latitudes in search of bowheads. Bottlenose whales were first spotted on the evening of 13 May, and six boats were lowered to give chase. Although two of the boats promptly filled from having been too long dry, two whales were eventually landed. Many crew members took the opportunity to collect their own bottles of head oil 'for use in future sprains and bruises'. From the number of bottlenoses in the area, Lindsay figured 'there was no reason why the *Aurora* should not have picked up a profitable cargo in this neighbourhood, but the desire for the valuable whalebone took us to the north.' Another bottlenose was taken the next day off Frobisher Bay, but the *Aurora* did not linger, and she set her course for Baffin Bay.

In my reading of journals, logbooks, newspapers, and books about British arctic whaling, I have been able to document a total catch of only 1,713 bottlenose whales between 1877 and 1896. Of these, the great majority were taken in the Greenland Sea or the northeast Atlantic; the rest in the Labrador Sea or southern Davis Strait. To judge the actual kill, some factor must be added to account for the whales shot and killed or badly wounded but not brought on board. For example, Robert Gray remembered: 'A large hoary-headed male which died under water was lost when being hauled up, and when only 50 fathoms from the surface. Many were missed, and a number were lost owing to the harpoon or the line or foregoer breaking.' Edward Mitchell, a Canadian government biologist and a student of whaling history, believes the loss rate in the early years of the bottlenose fishery may have been as high as 25 to 35 per cent.

In comparison to the Norwegian bottlenose fishery that began in the early 1880s and ended in the 1920s, the Scottish industry was trifling. It was, nevertheless, one aspect of the diversification that enabled the Scots to continue their arctic whale and seal fisheries long after the stocks of bowheads and harp and hooded seals had been reduced. As the British naturalist Thomas Southwell stated in 1894: ' . . . it is doubtful even now, were it not for the attraction of the Bottle-nosed Whale fishery, whether our large vessels would be tempted to go north to the Greenland sealing.'

Part II: The Norwegians, will appear in the Spring 1984 issue of 'The Beaver'. ◆

The Algonkins of Golden Lake

By Peter Hessel

TODAY THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 4,600 Algonkins in Canada. Golden Lake, about 150 kilometres northwest of Ottawa, is the location of the second largest Algonkin reserve (about 250 people living on reserve, about 200 off reserve); the River Desert Reserve in Maniwaki, Quebec, is the largest, with well over 1,000 people living on reserve.

The Algonkins were the original inhabitants of the Ottawa Valley, including the present National Capital Region. Their domain for thousands of years before Europeans arrived in Canada was the vast territory from Montreal almost to Lake Nipissing, and from the Rideau Lakes to the headwaters of the Ottawa River—an area of approximately 155,000 square kilometres.

The Ottawa River, the Ottawa Valley and the city of Ottawa, were named after the Ottawa Indians who never lived in the area. They lived near Georgian Bay and only traded on the river for about six years following temporary banishment of the Algonkins by the Iroquois. Prior to the 1680s, the river was called the Kichesippi (Great River) by the Algonkins, and River of the Algonkins by the French.

Warfare, disease, alcohol abuse and social disintegration almost wiped out the Algonkin tribe after the arrival of the Europeans, and by the end of the nineteenth century they numbered only 1,200 to 1,300.

The Algonkins are one of many Algonkian tribes in Canada and the United States. They were named, for reasons subject to speculation, by the first European who recorded contact with them—the French explorer and colonist Samuel de Champlain. Long after Champlain, linguists decided to call other tribes—whose languages resembled that of the Algonkins—the Algonkian language family. Thus, the Abenaki, Cree, Delaware, Malecite, Micmac, Montagnais, Ojibwa and many other tribes are members of the Algonkian linguistic family. The Algonkins (sometimes called the Algonkin proper) are the linguistic prototype of the Algonkian family.

While the origin of the word Algonkin is still in doubt, it is certain that Champlain and his contemporaries wrote the word with 'qu' because these letters expressed the French 'k' sound. Had they wished to render the sound as in 'quintet', they would have chosen another combination of letters, such as 'coi' or 'coui'. It is therefore more appropriate to spell and pronounce the word as Algonkin. To a native speaker of Algonkin, the word makes no sense in any spelling or pronunciation. It is virtually certain that the word is not of Algonkin origin.

On 9 June 1603, at Tadoussac on the St Lawrence River, Samuel de Champlain witnessed a ritual dance by a group of Indians whose chief he recorded as Besouat. In his journals, Champlain wrote the name of the Indians performing the dance as 'Algoumequins'. The meaning of this word is a mystery. J.N.B. Hewitt's suggestion that the word is of Micmac origin and means 'standing on the gunwales of the canoe to spear fish' has been widely repeated. But Hewitt, who was an Iroquois specialist, never gave a reason for his suggestion, and it seems far-fetched. There were no Micmacs at Tadoussac at that time. The fishing method described is not peculiar to the Algonkins.

It is far more likely that the word is of Etchemin (Malecite) origin. The author's theory is that the word is derived from the Malecite 'a'llegon kin' (the persons who are dancing, the dancers). It is quite possible that Champlain heard the Etchemins (Malecites) refer to Chief Besouat and his dancers as 'a'llegon kin' and that he recorded the word phonetically as 'Algoumequin' (keeping in mind that the French wrote the 'k' sound as 'qu').

At Tadoussac, Champlain forged a military alliance between the French, the Algonkins, the Montagnais and the Etchemins. Later, the Hurons would join. The common enemy were the Iroquois. They had been adversaries of the Algonkian tribes long before the arrival of Europeans. The Iroquois allied themselves with the English and the Dutch. Thus began the Iroquois Wars which lasted for nearly 100 years.

At the time of Champlain's arrival in Canada, a number of Algonkin bands lived along the Ottawa River

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Peter Hessel lives in the small Ontario village of Waba, (an Algonkin name meaning 'white'). He is the author of several local histories, including 'The Algonkin Tribe', which was commissioned by the National Capital Commission as a research paper. Photographs are by the author.

Michael (Mike) Bernard, born on the Golden Lake Reserve in 1906.

'I am myself happiest when I can get out in my canoe, when I feel the wind and the excitement, when I listen to the birds and other animal noises. The white man lives an unnatural life. I cannot understand him. He seems to live only for money. He goes out in the morning, comes back at night, day after day, year after year, until he is too old to enjoy life. He may accumulate money or property—but for what? At sixty-five or seventy he is worn out and unable to enjoy the fruits of his labour. Indians, too, are beginning to live like that, and I don't know why.

In the old days, the Algonkins used to make everything themselves; now, everything has to be bought with money. But the white man calls it progress and is proud of it. The white man is a puzzle to me.'

Michael Bernard
Golden Lake, Ontario

and its tributaries. The most powerful bands were the Kichesippirini (People of the Great River) and the Weskarini. The Kichesippirini occupied Morrison Island near Pembroke. They were the feared and often maligned 'island savages' who demanded tolls from those who used the Ottawa River trade route. The Weskarini lived along the Nation River, a northern tributary of the Ottawa. The French called this band *la petite nation*, and the Hurons called it Ononchateronon. Other bands recorded by Europeans included the Kinonche, Nibachis, Matouescarini, Sagaigunini and Otaguottaouemin. Many different spellings exist for all these bands.

The first battle of the Iroquois Wars took place on 30 June 1609, near the present site of Fort Ticonderoga on the shores of Lake Champlain. Algonkins, Hurons and Montagnais won a victory over the Iroquois, thanks to Champlain's arquebuses.

At first, the French and their allies were clearly superior to the Iroquois. But soon the Iroquois acquired firearms from the British and the Dutch, and for several decades the Iroquois gained the upper hand. Between the 1630s and 1650s, after Champlain's death, the Algonkins of the Ottawa Valley—and their Huron allies—were all but wiped out. Survivors of the bloody massacres either fled to the French missions at Trois Rivières and Sillery or moved farther north, out of Iroquois range. Between 1681 and 1686, the Ottawa Indians controlled the fur trade on the Ottawa River, although they never lived in the area. After the end of the Iroquois wars (the final peace treaty was signed in 1701), Algonkins began drifting back to their original territory to resume their traditional way of life. Many Algonkins, however, remained in the French missions, where diseases, moral disintegration and alcohol took a frightening toll.

By 1720 most of the Algonkins then living with the French along the St Lawrence were collected at Lake of Two Mountains near Oka, Quebec. After the British conquest of New France, the Algonkins began to claim the land they had once owned. Article 40 of the capitulation stipulated that 'the Savages or Indian allies of His Most Christian Majesty shall be maintained in the lands they inhabit if they choose to remain there.'

His Majesty's Proclamation of 7 October 1763 and the Proclamation by Sir Guy Carleton of 1766 stated that the Indians 'shall not, under any pretence whatever, be deprived of the lands claimed . . .'

White settlement following the American Revolution and the War of 1812, however, resulted in treaties and surrenders of virtually all Indian land in Upper and Lower Canada.

The major portion of Algonkin territory south of the Ottawa River was surrendered to the Crown by the Mississauga Indians, a branch of the Ojibwa that had migrated to southern Ontario in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Nineteen 'principal men' representing 257 persons living in the Bay of Quinté region and near Kingston sold an area of 2,740,000 acres that included the present counties of Addington, Hastings, Frontenac,

Renfrew, Lanark and the present Municipality of Ottawa-Carleton—east to the Rideau River. For this 'surrender' in 1822, the Crown paid £65 in cash plus £624 annually 'in goods and services' to the Mississaugas. The Algonkins, rightful owners and occupants of most of this territory, were not even mentioned in the document, nor did they receive any consideration. It is safe to assume that the Mississaugas never set foot in the Ottawa Valley *(Indian Treaties and Surrenders,* 1860-1890, Vol. I, pp. 62-65).

There is plenty of evidence that the territory belonged to the Algonkins and was indeed occupied by Algonkins at the time of the 'surrender'. Philemon Wright encountered them in the area of the present Parliament Hill in the year 1800. An Order-in-Council of 1837 acknowledged the presence of Algonkins along the Ottawa and their claim to a vast territory, although it denied them the right to lease or sell their land. About 1832, the Hudson's Bay Company established a trading post at Golden Lake for the express purpose of trading with the Algonkins of the Bonnechère River.

The Algonkins living near Golden Lake and those still at the Oka mission submitted numerous claims, demands and petitions to regain some of their former territory. Finally, in 1864, the government set aside 1,561 acres purchased at sixpence (roughly 10 cents) an acre as a reserve for the Golden Lake band. About ten years earlier, a much larger tract of land had been 'given' to those Algonkins who decided to move to the River Desert Reserve near Maniwaki, Quebec.

Thus was the promise of 1763 fulfilled: the Algonkins who had been the masters of the Ottawa Valley for thousands of years, were reduced to 'beneficiaries of a grant' on land that no one else wanted because it was swampy and undesirable.

At the height of their power as military allies of the French, the Jesuit priest Father Vimont described a typical Algonkin of the Ottawa Valley:

> He is one of those people who bear on their forehead something, I know not what, worthy of empire, and to see him with a bow or a sword in his hand, one would say that he is an animated portrait of those ancient Caesars of whom we see in Europe only copies all blurred with smoke.

Today, Golden Lake Reserve is hidden away from the tourists who come to the upper Ottawa Valley each summer. The small village of Golden Lake is in the centre of a nineteenth-century German settlement. The reserve road leads to a narrow bridge over the Bonnechère River, a physical as well as a psychological boundary. On the reserve, houses range from fairly modern but simple bungalows to log cabins and wooden shacks. There is evidence of twentieth-century technology in the form of cars and trucks, motor boats and snowmobiles, television sets and other home appliances.

Yet even the casual visitor cannot overlook the fact that this reserve is for Indians. There is a museum with Indian artifacts and objects of daily life, and a craft shop where native handicrafts are made and sold. There is Tennesko Manor, a home for alcoholics. The office of the band manager is in a modern administration building that also houses a library.

The Bernards are one of the leading families on the reserve. Michael (Mike) Bernard was born on the Golden Lake Reserve in 1906, the son of Matt Bernard (1876-1972) and Christianne née Partridge (1876-1945). Matt achieved fame and recognition as the builder of 'Kije-We-Gew-Was-Chee-Mon' (literally: the big birch-bark canoe), the pride of the National Museum of Man. Mike helped his father build this huge canoe—almost 11 metres in length—in 1957.

Mike finished grade 8 at the Golden Lake Reserve school and grade 9 at Pembroke Collegiate. Following that, he scaled lumber, sawed, grate-sawed, worked as a carpenter after he learned to read blueprints. He also worked as a steeplejack and painter. For a few years, he operated his father's general store. He worked in Pembroke, at a synthetic rubber plant in Sarnia, and at the Atomic Energy plant in Chalk River, Ontario. He took a two-year course as a tractor mechanic and is proud of the certificate awarded to him in 1957. Following that, he worked on road maintenance and highway construction projects.

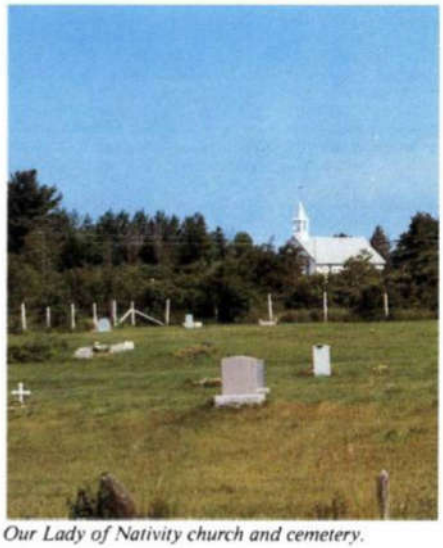
For Centennial Year (1967) he wrote a play, *The Indians of the Bonnechère,* because he wanted to contribute something to the 'spirit of Canada'. He asked for a Centennial grant for performing the play, but his request was turned down. He decided to perform the play without the grant. All the players were from the Golden Lake Reserve. They made their own costumes and sets, and the play was part of Centennial celebrations in several Ottawa Valley towns. Mike was one of the actors, using a birch-bark and rawhide drum which he had made himself.

Mike Bernard is a philosopher and thinker of the first order. His views on the present state of his people have been recorded by ethnologists and anthropologists from several countries. One of his sons, Tom Bernard, is band manager of the reserve. Another son, Howard, is an official with the federal department of Indian and Northern Affairs. Mike is deeply concerned about the cultural heritage of the Algonkins. He laments the almost total lack of educational facilities on the reserve or in the region that would teach reserve children about their own past.

'There are very few people on the reserve now who still speak Algonkin. Golden Lake is a "young" reserve: all the young people speak English; all the children learn in school is English [and French as a second language]. My own children only know a few words in Algonkin. There are probably more white people learning Algonkin now than Indians. The young Indians see no necessity to learn

The first battle of the Iroquois Wars, at Lake Champlain, 30 June 1609. Algonkins, Hurons and Montagnais won a victory over the Iroquois thanks to Champlain's arquebuses. According to the fashion of the time Indians were depicted fighting naked, which they never did. Engraving from Champlain's 'Les Voyages du Sieur de Champlain . . . ', Paris, 1613.

Public Archives of Canada



Our Lady of Nativity church and cemetery.

The birch-bark collection plate in the church was a gift from the Maniwaki band.

The first home on the Golden Lake Reserve, coming from the bridge.

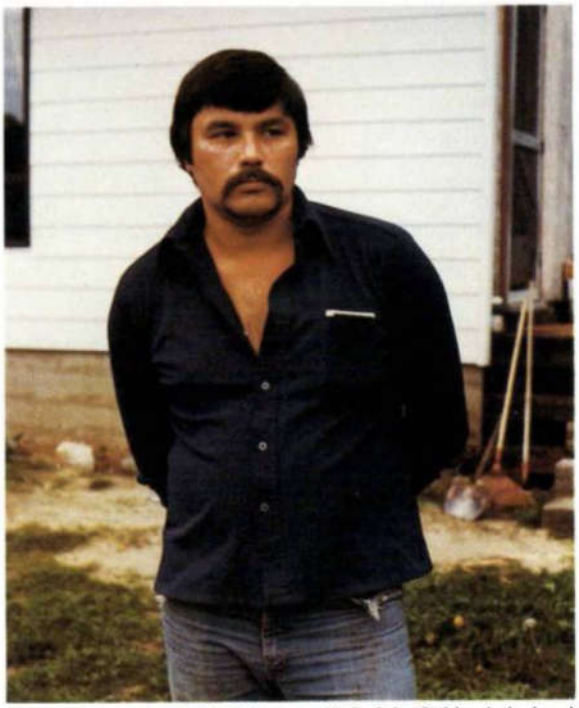
The museum and craft shop.

Eleanore Commanda performing Algonkin songs and dances at the Killaloe Folk Festival, 1981.

Children of the River Desert Reserve, Maniwaki, Quebec.

Margaret Ann Benoit.

Peggy Commanda.



Clifford Meness, chief of the Golden Lake band.

the language of their forefathers. The study of Algonkin isn't worth anything to them. It doesn't earn them a mouthful of bread.

'There are no traces of the old Indian religion left at all. Even if we wanted to put the pieces together and start worshipping in the old way, the big obstacle would be money. It costs money to build a place of worship, to buy the ground to build such a place. The Indians don't have the money to operate their own religion. Of course, it would be better if Indians could practise their own religion in their own language rather than somebody else's religion in somebody else's language. But how?'

Golden Lake, like most Indian reserves, faces grave social problems: unemployment (roughly 40 per cent in the winter of 1982-83), poor housing, a lack of educational and cultural facilities, alcoholism. 'From my own experience,' Mike Bernard explains, 'I can say that alcoholism has to do with the Indian's extreme shyness. We are a very shy people. But we do want to participate, to be equal, tell stories and crack jokes just like the white man. Alcohol makes us overcome this shyness, it loosens our tongue. With alcohol we don't feel inferior any more. In fact, it makes us feel very good, and soon we indulge too much and have a problem. It is a problem of personality. Indians do have a collective alcohol problem because of their shyness and withdrawn nature.'

In many ways the Commanda family of Golden Lake is typical for today's Algonkins. Some family members live on, others off the reserve. Only the parents speak Algonkin. Their educational level is well below the Canadian average. So is their income. Their employment stability is low.

'I was born in 1932 in a log house,' says Philip Commanda, the father. 'It was here on the reserve. I was one of 14 children. My father died when I was twelve. When he died, I got into trouble and was caught breaking some windows. They sent me away to a boarding school for Indian children at Spanish, Ontario, because I was supposed to be hard to handle. I stayed there for two and a half years until I finished grade 6. The teachers were priests. They treated us quite harshly, strapping us and punishing us for every little thing. One reason for punishment was speaking our native language. Sometimes I was locked up in solitary confinement and forced to work without pay in the kitchen, on the school farm or in the workshop.

'When I was discharged I was 15. At first I worked for my uncle in Temiskaming where I learned a lot of useful things like trapping and making birch-bark canoes. Later I worked in lumber camps and on road construction. Usually I worked ten to twelve hours a day, seven days a week. After I met my wife (who comes from the reserve at Maniwaki) I decided to settle down in Golden Lake. I learned the carpenter trade, built cabins, did some guiding for tourists and worked at a sawmill.

'For the past few years I've suffered from asthma, and I can't do strenuous work any more. In the winter I run a trap line, catching otter, fisher, beaver, muskrat, red fox and lynx. A good winter beaver fetches about $100, but my traps are a big investment. I have to use between 75 and 100 traps on a line, and they cost about $16 a piece. Many traps are lost and have to be replaced.

'Fishing in the lake and in the Bonnechère River has been spoiled. The nearest good fishing is about 50 kilometres away. And there is an awful bureaucracy in connection with trapping, hunting and fishing. We're always told something new about quotas, licences and seasons. I supplement my income by making Algonkin drums. Some of them are even sold in Europe.

'I don't remember my grandparents. But I do know that one of my relatives was shot to death when he was caught stealing liquor at the railway station.'

Eleanore Commanda, Philip's wife, was born in 1934 at the River Desert Reserve near Maniwaki, Quebec, daughter of Dominique Chabot, a trapper, whose Indian name was Akokadonce (Little Tree Stump). 'After I married Philip in 1953, I raised five children. I also became interested in Algonkin crafts and traditions. I do leather work, design and sew Indian clothing like leather jackets and moccasins. I spend quite a bit of my time training a group of young girls in performing Indian dances on the reserve and at such events as country fairs and folk festivals. I am also teaching the Algonkin language to some reserve children.'

The oldest son is Paul Commanda, born in 1954. He started elementary school on the reserve, but when this school was closed, he had to be bussed to Eganville. He graduated from grade 12 at Opeongo High School and then attended a college at Lamacaza, Quebec, where many of the students were Indians. But the college closed down, and Paul never went back to school. He worked at a sawmill and at various 'odd jobs' near home, until he decided to leave for Alberta where he is employed now.

The daughters, Cathrine, Elsie and Peggy Commanda, have all been involved in making Algonkin crafts, in native dancing and other cultural activities. Cathrine is married to an Algonkin who is presently unemployed. They live on the reserve. Elsie is single and lives in Toronto where she works for the federal government. Peggy, the youngest daughter, gave birth to her baby (Adam) at her parents' home. Mother Eleanore proved to be a capable midwife. Peggy and Adam Commanda live in Pembroke. Just across the Ottawa River is Morrison Island, where 370 years ago (in 1613), Samuel de Champlain visited the Kichesippirini and their Chief Tessouat. This was the 'island fortress' of the Algonkins, known and respected throughout eastern North America. Peggy Commanda knows nothing about that. Perhaps Adam Commanda, born in 1982, will take an interest in his Algonkin roots. ◆

FUR TRADE AND EXPLORATION
Opening the Far Northwest 1821-1852

By Theodore J. Karamanski. University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 1983. 330 pp., illus. $27.95.

Reviewed by J.E. Rea

The explicit theme of this volume is the symbiotic relationship of fur trade and exploration, and the continuing tension between the desire to increase production and the sporadic campaigns to reduce costs. After the union of 1821, the inducement for the Hudson's Bay Company to expand was obvious: they needed to compete with the Americans to the south, especially in the Oregon Country, and to intercept furs flowing to the Russians on the Pacific Coast.

But there were other reasons as well. The fur trade was an extractive industry and, as area after area was stripped of fur, new sources had to be found. There was also the continuing lure of a 'Great River of the West' which stirred the imaginations of all who sought to penetrate the granite screen of the Rocky Mountains. Even though this period, roughly spanning the career of Sir George Simpson, is usually seen as one of consolidation, retrenchment and monopoly protection, geographic expansion went forward. Driven by the imperatives of economy and competition, Simpson urged his men into the Northwest but failed to give them adequate support. Demanding and imperious, he broke the spirits and frustrated the dreams of his most daring and resourceful explorers. Commercial expansion took a high toll among Company officers and servants alike.

Theodore Karamański, of Loyola University of Chicago, describes vividly, yet carefully, the successful thrusts which expanded the Company's frontiers in the Stikine Valley and the country of the Upper Liard, the Peel and the Peace Rivers. He also explains the failure to command the Yukon, the second great river of the Northwest. Heroes and knaves, hesitancy and daring are the stuff of this book, for it is primarily about people rather than policy.

There is also an implicit theme which runs through this volume, one which gives it much of its attraction and liveliness. The author's transparent love of this land shines through every chapter and his familiarity with the region gives to his account an immediacy that is almost lyrical at times.

There is not a great deal to be learned about Company policy that is new in this book. But there is much to be enjoyed and admired in the work of a historian who moves from the documents to the actual terrain with care for accuracy and feeling for the land.

Dr Rea is a professor of history at the University of Manitoba.

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KURELEK'S VISION OF CANADA

By William Kurelek and Joan Murray. Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, 1983. 80 pp., illus. $19.95.

Reviewed by Abraham Arnold

There is a fascinating juxtaposition of pairs of paintings as they appear in *Kurelek's Vision of Canada*. Among these pairs we find one of the artist's religious themes: Christ amidst a group of worshippers outside a contemporary *Surburban Church*, contrasted with a traditional onion-domed Ukrainian church as background to a post-World War I funeral in *Flu Epidemic in Alberta*.

In another pair of reproductions there are contrasting skies: the northern lights, depicted in *Glimmering Tapers 'Round the Day's Dead Sanctities*, and a rainbow emerging from storm clouds in *I Triumphed and I Saddened with All Weather*.

The paintings cited are among the 48 full-colour reproductions of Kurelek canvases in this book, from the exhibit of the same title which is on tour across Canada to the end of 1984.

The heritage of over 2,000 paintings left by William Kurelek is such that he can emerge as the co-author of a new book six years after his death. Co-author Joan Murray is to be congratulated, not so much for her achievement with this book, but for being the first director-curator of a Canadian art gallery (the Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Oshawa) to organize a major travelling exhibit of Kurelek's works since his untimely death in 1977 at the age of 50.

In her biographical essay on Kurelek, entitled 'Picture Making by the Seat of His Pants', Joan Murray shows that she understands the weaknesses as well as the strengths of this popular yet controversial artist. And she appreciates the significance of the themes which are predominant in his paintings.

Murray considers Kurelek to be 'one of the really important landscape painters in Canada' yet she points out that he almost never did landscapes as such. What he did, she explains, was to use the landscape as 'both compositional armature and conveyor of emotional content' to unify his work. While painting the length and breadth of the country, she adds, he brought into his work a landscape element that is precise and authentic. This is the subject of the exhibition she has mounted and the resulting book.

Joan Murray's appreciation of Kurelek does not extend to adulation. She explains the weakness of his figurative work and regards his sense of form as deficient. His colour sense varies 'between too garish and too plain' and she also suggests that Kurelek's paintings are 'painful and laborious *constructs*'.

By the time he died, Murray says, Kurelek 'had just barely improved as a painter'. But after a while, she suggests, the viewer forgets the clumsiness in his way of painting and concentrates on the surprises to be found in his work.

Murray's biographical essay is followed by Kurelek's 'Reminiscences', extracted from the original, Cornell University edition, of the artist's autobiography. Here he explains some of his ideas about art and artists, including how he came to sign his paintings with a crucifix monogram and why he called some of his paintings 'potboilers'.

The book concludes with 'Forewords', a series of excerpts from the introductions Kurelek wrote to his various exhibits over the years. There is also a select bibliography.

Mr Arnold is co-author with William Kurelek of 'Jewish Life in Canada', and has contributed chapters to several books of essays, the most recent being 'Visions of the New Jerusalem', from NeWest Press, Edmonton.

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NORTHERN TRADERS
Caribou Hair in the Stew

By Archie Hunter. Sono Nis Press, Victoria, 1983. 150 pp., illus. $13.95.

Reviewed by Dudley Copland

In all modesty (because I am one of the figures on the cover) I suggest that the publisher of this book is to be congratulated on the attractive cover. The colour of the deerskin is perfect.

It was my pleasure to spend a winter in the 1920s with Archie Hunter at the H B C post at Repulse Bay. We got along well and enjoyed the friendship of Bob Stewart and Felix Conrad, of Revillon Frères, our official opposition.

While reading the book, a flood of memories came back to me of my first five years on the west side of Hudson Bay.

In recalling his service at Baker Lake, Archie Hunter tells of meeting the famous Charles Lindbergh and his wife. Lindbergh was 'brusque to the point of rudeness' but his wife was a charming person. (The late W.O. Douglas, who is mentioned in the book, had a similar opinion of the Lindberghs when he tried to entertain them at Cartwright on the Labrador.) Baker Lake was Archie Hunter's favourite post up until his departure from Churchill on a grain ship for a well-earned holiday in Europe. His

absence however, lasted for over two years, for he went into the fox and mink breeding business with another Hudson's Bay Company employee. This venture fell through but he had the good fortune to meet and marry his wife.

The Company agreed to his wish to return to Canada in their service, but he found that he had to accept a severe cut in salary, due to the Depression. After a period at Ile La Crosse and Lac du Brochet—where his wife joined him—Archie was summoned to Winnipeg where he was to be groomed for a district manager's job. Due to what he terms 'internal politics' his prospects of promotion faded and he was sent to manage the store at Minaki where he and his family lived for three and a half years. He detested that posting and requested a transfer, to British Columbia if possible. There was a vacancy at Telegraph Creek and at the end of May 1942, Archie Hunter, his wife and three children left Vancouver aboard the *Princess Louise* for Wrangell, Alaska, and from there up the Stikine River to his new posting.

The Hunters spent sixteen years at the Hudson's Bay trading post at Telegraph Creek in one of the prime areas for big-game hunting in North America. During his time there, the Telegraph Creek post developed a profitable big-game hunting operation: horses, tents, guides and provisions were supplied to wealthy hunters for treks into Cassiar wilderness. His memories of this period are a valuable record of activities that were unusual in the history of the Company.

Mr Hunter presents the story of his career without regular chapter breaks, in an anecdotal form, as if he was reminiscing in a relaxed way with his wonderful collection of photographs. The result is an excellent and entertaining volume.

Dudley Copland is a veteran of the arctic fur-trade era. He joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1923 and served for seventeen years in the Western and Eastern Arctic.

THE LAST GREAT FRONTIERSMAN
The Remarkable Adventures of Tom Lamb

By Leland Stowe. Stoddart, Toronto, 1982. 253 pp., illus. $18.95.

Reviewed by Margaret R. Stobie

Tom Lamb's office in The Pas was a small museum of handicrafts, spears, beadwork, masks, necklaces, from the Canadian Arctic to the Fiji Islands, from Inuit to Maori. It was a fitting background for the man himself with his far-ranging curiosity and his quick appreciation of indigenous skills.

I had gone to him in the course of searching for vestiges of the Scotch-Indian dialect called Bungi. He talked of his childhood among the Indians at his father's trading post at Moose Lake, of their hunting and woodcraft skills and of the high taboos; he took me home where Mrs Lamb was washing home-grown lettuce in the sink—the minister was coming to dinner—and as we sat around the kitchen table drinking tea, one of Lamb's former pilots dropped in and the talk was of nose-dives and near disasters. Later, Lamb took me to some of his old Indian friends in town whose speech, he thought, might be of relevance to my search. That brief visit, in the latter 1960s, gave me a glimpse of the varied life of the man known as 'Mr North'.

He had earned the title because of his imaginative and creative contributions to life north of the fifty-third parallel. As Stowe records, he was a dedicated conservationist. In the late 1920s, when the muskrats at Moose Lake were dying out, he found a way to save them. With federal funding, Lamb and the Indians dug out the silted-up runnels and ponds, restoring the muskrats' winter sustenance; left them time to breed, and in 1935, in the midst of the Depression, had a harvest of over 25,000 pelts. Stowe says, 'The Crees' earnings from Tom's Muskrat Island provided their major income for more than thirty years'. The project started him on the way to becoming a millionaire.

Twenty years later, he planned to prove that neighbouring swamp land could support cattle breeding. He and his sons drained and cleared the swamp, grew feed crops on it, brought in a score or so of Herefords, and started a ranch. By 1964, when they had to abandon it because of flooding from a new hydro dam, the herd had grown to 612 head. Patently, Manitoba's thousands of acres of swamp could give solid ground for a new source of income north of 53°.

But Tom Lamb's most sustained and enduring contributions were with the fisheries. When he was a boy of twelve, his father put him in charge of the lead team for winter fish-hauls, breaking the way through brush and drifts for the Indian drivers and their sledges as they made collections from the fishing stations. It was brutal, dangerous, exhausting work. Small wonder that he mechanized the fish-hauls as soon as possible. He replaced horses with caterpillar tractors, and these machines increased the size of

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the hauls, decreased costs and time of delivery, and opened up new sources. With them, Stowe says, 'Tom slashed out an eighty-mile link-up track from Nelson House through morasses of bush and bogs up to South Indian Lake some 250 miles north of The Pas . . . and had his Cree bands netting tremendous catches from a teeming lake until then unreachably far north.'

It was inevitable that he should take to the air. At first, he hired a pilot and his plane, and as he told Stowe, 'To see a big load of fresh fish soaring free over all those bush-country obstacles was the most wonderful thing in the world.' Characteristically, he got his pilot's license, bought his own plane, and became a bush-pilot. One by one his six sons became pilots, he bought more planes, and the 'Seven Flying Lambs' formed a company, Lamb-air. They flew salvage flights, search flights, mercy flights. They were the lifeline of remote nursing stations, they flew in supplies to small communities, they carried government and industrial investigators and equipment. They flew from Hudson Bay to the Mackenzie delta, from The Pas to Baffin Island. Always there was danger, but as Lamb said, 'You have to take a chance.'

Observers called him 'a man of challenge', 'a practical visionary', 'an empire builder who had the genius to obey nature's laws rather than going against them', one who 'paid his rent on this earth by creating something, and putting back more than he took out'. Born in the North, he never left it. He worked on the surface of the land, in the water under it, and he flew the uncharted skies above it. He was indeed a symbol of the North.

Two years after my visit with the Lambs, as a member of the University of Manitoba's senate, I had the pleasure of nominating Tom Lamb for an honorary degree, and the Board of Governors agreed that the honour was long overdue. It was only just in time. In May 1969, Tom Lamb received the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*. On 28 December 1969, he died at age 71.

Leland Stowe, a well-known American journalist, a Pulitzer prize winner, has produced a copiously documented biography. It is based on conversations with Tom Lamb, taped when he spent two weeks with him in 1958 at The Pas, and their subsequent correspondence; on the voluminous records—including memoirs that Lamb typed out for his grandchildren—that the family turned over to him when he returned in 1976; and on the reminiscences of the sons and daughters, of associates and neighbours. No succeeding biographer will have the same rich mixture of material. There is, however, a certain disproportion in the account. Possibly it was because Stowe was not familiar with the North and so was fascinated with tales of growing up there, that he gave the first 100 pages to Tom's life up to

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ERRATUM

On page 43 of the Autumn 1983 issue, a portrait of William McGillivray is identified incorrectly as Simon McGillivray.

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his marriage in 1925, when he was 27. Yet much of his experience to that point could be paralleled by that of generations of children of fur trading and mission posts across the North. It is what grew out of those years that made stocky Tom Lamb the towering figure that he was. The imbalance aside, we can be grateful for this solid piece of work, in which the mass of detail recreates a certain time as well as a certain person. It is an enduring record of a great Canadian.

Dr Stobie is professor emeritus of English at the University of Manitoba.

STARVING SAILORS
The Influence of Nutrition upon Naval and Maritime History

Edited by J. Watt, E.J. Freeman and W.F. Bynum. National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, 1981. 212 pp.,illus. £7.

Reviewed by Ian McDonald

This volume is a collection of papers read at an international symposium on the mariner's dietary held at the National Maritime Museum in 1980. The authors are maritime historians, nutritional scientists and medical specialists combining their talents in an evaluation of nutrition as it affected the physical and mental performances of naval commanders and expedition leaders. To the knowledge of the editors, such a conference had not been held before this.

The main theme of the book is to critically examine the records of French, Spanish and British long-distance explorers of the eighteenth century, together with nineteenth and twentieth-century polar explorations.

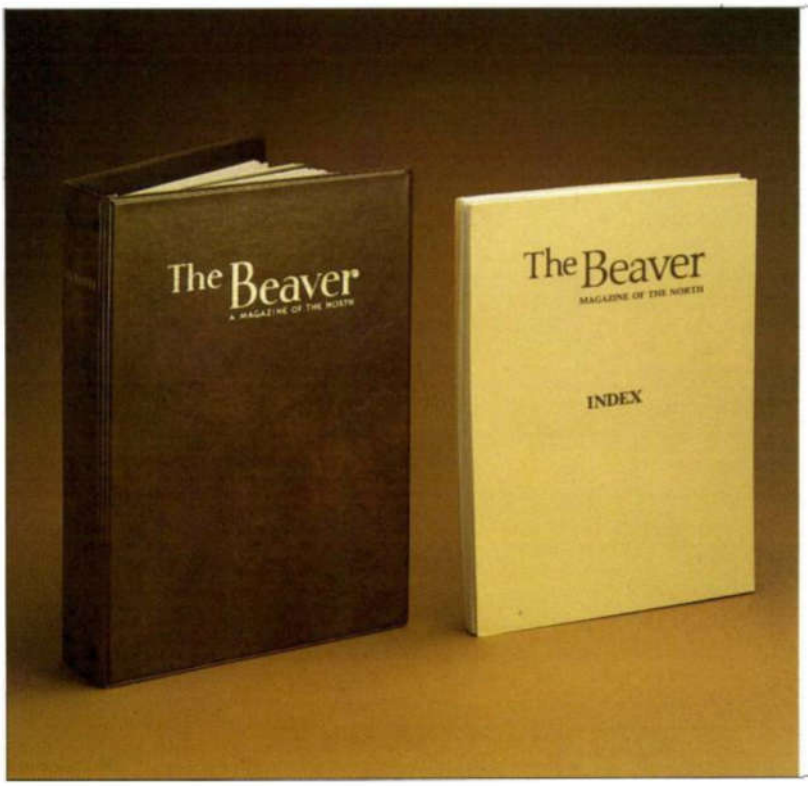
The papers are not long. They are clearly written by competent authors whose work is based on much research into ships' logs, particularly surgeons' reports. There is full discussion of the discovery of 'deficiency diseases' and of Dr James Lind's clinical proof of their existence in 1747. Public attitudes towards scurvy and the old brutality of life at sea on extended voyages, are examined in the light of new knowledge about nutrition.

This modest soft-covered book is packed with general and specific information for students of nutrition. The effect of malnutrition on decision-making and failure in command is treated in one paper. Examples are given which raise serious questions about the importance of medical assessments of very senior personnel under stress. Many of the papers are concerned with nineteenth-century arctic exploration and are of interest to Canadian readers.

An excellent summary of both discussion and papers is given in an appendix, with an indication of the direction of further research.

This volume merits attention from planners and commanders of extended voyages or expeditions. Recreational sailors, now numbered in thousands, could learn much from it.

Ian McDonald, of Victoria, B.C., is a graduate student of history, and owns a small cruising sailboat.



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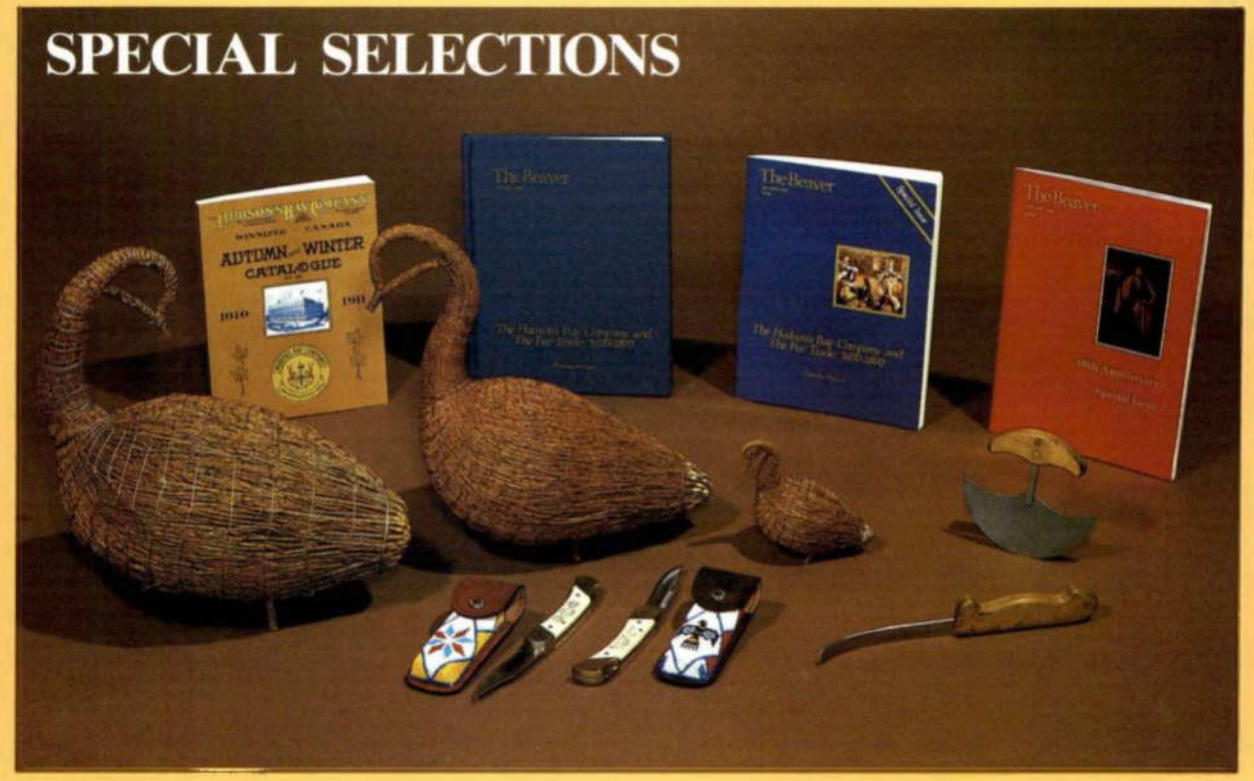

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